Week ending October 16 1954 Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL

THRILLING NEW ADVENTURE by **AGATHA CHRISTIE** | **MY LEFT FOOT** THE INSPIRING STORY OF HUMAN COURAGE

Parisette

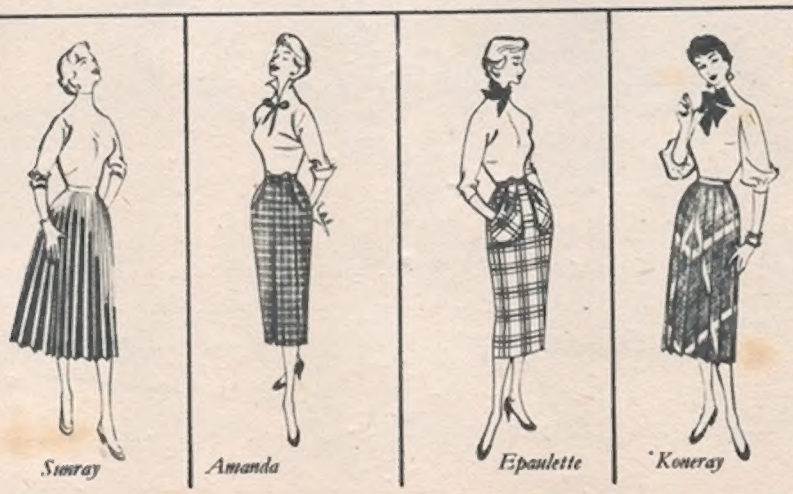
Date with Destiny

Of all the girls there, he only had eyes for her!

. . . and no wonder, for in her Gor-Ray skirt she completely stole the party picture. But then that's what's so wonderful about Gor-Ray. Created by Britain's top designers, these skirts have an air of fashion flair that sets them quite apart. And oh, those blissful colours! A range that makes the peacock blush for shame . . . in the most heavenly materials . . . checks, plains and patterns as gay as the lights on the Place Pigalle!

There's a Gor-Ray skirt for every occasion, each one definitely . . . indisputably . . . right. No wonder they say 'a Gor-Ray is the centre-piece of every wise girl's wardrobe'. Prices range from **35/-** to **5 gns.**

GOR-RAY *Skirts one better!*



Sunray *Amanda* *Epaulette* *Koneray*

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DIFFERENT. . .

for her, AERO—the milk chocolate that's different!

BY ROWNTREES

For a new experience in delightful full-cream milk chocolate that melts in your mouth in a moment.

EDITORIAL

Dangerous boom

An elderly man on a bicycle fitted with an auxiliary engine was rounding a corner near Victoria Station, London, close behind a car. Mr. Elwyn Rees-Pryse, an official of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents, was watching critically.

The car stopped suddenly. But the bicycle could not, for it had ordinary cycle rim brakes. The rider avoided a nasty crash only by swerving violently and tumbling on to the pavement.

After helping the bruised rider to his feet, Mr. Rees-Pryse went on his way shaking his head. The accident was one more example of the dangers attending the latest transport boom.

Every year many thousands more people have engines fixed to their cycles. Elderly men and women are particularly grateful, and their lives are often transformed.

"But they must realize the perils," warns Mr. Rees-Pryse. "Brakes and lights may need improving. And car drivers will tend to under-estimate speeds, because they cannot always tell whether a cycle is powered."

MR. REES-PRYSE
He watched critically

Most riders agree that some form of identification would make powered cycles safer. Mr. Frank Farr, editor of a magazine devoted to motorized cycling, proposed to the Ministry of Transport that a plaque like the "L" plate should be required by law. It might carry the letter "M," for motorized.

Official tests have shown that a twenty-mile-an-hour car can stop in twenty-three feet on a wet road. But an ordinary bicycle fitted with a motor takes from forty-three to ninety-four feet.

Hub brakes would cut the stopping distance—and help to reduce the rate of eighteen deaths and 1,302 injuries in the first six months of this year.

Few of the bicycles in use were built for engines, and as a result they are frequently frail and lop-sided. If the government removes the purchase tax on made-for-the-job powered cycles, there should be great improvement. Until then, many buyers will prefer separate engines which are untaxed, if less safe.

The government should end this purchase tax anomaly, instruct the police to watch for inadequate brakes, and introduce a law to mark all powered cycles. But the main responsibility rests with the riders.

"Remember that the engine is to save your legs, not to make you go fast," says Mr. Rees-Pryse. This is good advice. All road-users will hope that the riders will heed it.

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"Yes, son . . .
good stuff that Lucozade"

Look out for winter and the illnesses it can bring—drink Lucozade regularly. The Glucose in Lucozade provides you with energy when you need it most, protecting you against that weakening state of exhaustion that leaves you susceptible to illness. The keen, subtle flavour of Lucozade stimulates the appetite and is willingly accepted by the most delicate palate. So give plenty of Lucozade to all the family—not forgetting yourself. Ask for it wherever you go.

We receive letters like this every week

It's a wise family that always keeps some Lucozade in the house. Here's a letter from a father of one:
"My little boy (aged 6) has been ill since last October . . . At first he was very ill and then after some improvement we put him on your Lucozade. From the first he has derived new energy and strength from it and it is now a regular daily drink . . ."

LUCOZADE
the sparkling glucose drink

REPLACES LOST ENERGY

LUCOZADE LTD., GREAT WEST ROAD, BRENTFORD, MIDDX. *royds 161/E1/54*

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THE SENSATIONAL

TIMEX WATERPROOF

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Once again TIMEX lead the world with the wrist-watch you have *always wanted* — shock-resistant, dustproof, *completely waterproof* — from as little as 72/6!

How is this achievement possible? ALL TIMEX watches are made in an ultra-modern factory where top-efficiency drastically lowers costs; they are made on the same high-precision machines used for making high-priced watches; and TIMEX are British-made and free from duty.

Ask your jeweller to show you the amazing TIMEX Waterproof — the watch you can wear with pride and absolute confidence always. *This is the ideal watch for sportsmen, anglers, and for all those who work out of doors.*

DUSTPROOF Whenever you're tackling a dirty job, at work or at home or in the garden, you'll be glad you bought this TIMEX — because it's waterproof *and* dustproof *and* shock-resistant.

"AT LAST — I've found a *really* waterproof wrist-watch!" says Nick Pownall, who dives regularly wearing his TIMEX Waterproof. *Mr. Pownall is a diver of the East Anglian Branch of the British Sub Aqua Club.*

Don't worry — even when you're doing such messy work as washing down a ceiling, the special TIMEX Diamond-turned, Screwback, Waterproof case *seals out all water.*

OTHER TIMEX FEATURES

- Shock-resistant
- Cannot be overwound
- Unbreakable glass
- Dustproof seal
- Stainless steel bracelet or sweep second hand, 10/- extra
- FULLY GUARANTEED

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SHOCK RESISTANT

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED LEAFLET showing this and other Ladies' and Men's models to: TIMEX, 161-167 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1.

Wonderful **COMFORT** Amazing **VALUE!**

YOURS FOR 18/- WITH ORDER

CASH PRICE **£9:8:6**

or £9:18:0 - 18/- with order
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All the *Berkeley* features including **AUTOMATIC SELF-ADJUSTING BACK AND SEAT**—relax in any position and the chair adjusts itself to your comfort, PLUS tension-sprung back, foam-rubber padded head-rest.

All the *Berkeley* Quality, Durability, AND a price that is a comfort in itself! Choose your own pattern from the wide range of Coverings.

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Fully Patented

Money back if not satisfied within 7 days. FREE Delivery in the U.K.

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WITH THE SUPERLAX ACTION

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JOHN BULL 189 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1
OCT. 16 1954 VOL. 96 NO. 2520 PHONE: TEMPLE BAR 2468 GRAMS: HEROICALY, WESTCENT, LONDON

FREE SPEECH

Ironmongers are always polite

WHEN I phoned my local hardware shop for three firebricks, I was not able to give precise details of what I wanted. Consequently it took three different assistants more than half an hour to find the type which would fit my grate exactly.

Throughout the conversation the assistants were patient, polite and helpful, although it was *my* vagueness that was giving them so much trouble.

In my experience, this determination to satisfy the customer, whether he is buying a new boiler or a penny-worth of nails, is typical of today's ironmongers' assistants—and of very few others.

Certainly it is in contrast to the brusque off-handedness of the assistants in many grocery shops and most large stores.

Is it, perhaps, because the hardware assistant deals with so many items that he must be completely master of his job and can take a real pride in it?—MRS. A. LOCK, Princes Street, Edinburgh.

Visitor's Catch

THIS year we had a thirteen-year-old Austrian boy to stay with our family. On his first sightseeing visit to Birmingham, I told him to stop at any shop that particularly interested him.

I was amazed when he drew me to a fresh fish shop; I had to name each different fish for him. Crabs, prawns and lobsters were especially intriguing. Later that week, I escorted his Austrian schoolteacher round the city, and the same shop attracted her attention.

I gather from my son, who has visited Austria, that sea fish are not to be seen in the shops there because of the great distance to the nearest coastline.—MRS. M. W. SANDERS, Sheldon, Birmingham.

Checking Out

IN Rangoon it is not unusual to see local citizens leave their banks with bundles of notes and stand on the pavement outside while they count them.

Apparently it is considered to be a grave insult to the bank clerk if you count the notes he gives you while you are still in his presence.—R. HEDGES, Singapore, Malaya.

Driving Premium

FOR some time now in Vancouver, car insurance, with certain companies, for drivers under the age of twenty-five has cost much more than for those over that age, statistics showing that most accidents occur in the lower age group.

Our son has driven a car for some years, and his wife also drives. When he had his twenty-fifth birthday he discussed renewing his insurance, telling the agent that he supposed that he would still have to pay the higher rate as his wife was under twenty-five.

To his surprise he learned that the higher premium rate does not apply to *women* drivers under twenty-five, as statistics prove that young women are careful drivers.—PHYLLIS B. NEWTON, East 36th Avenue, Vancouver, Canada.

Voice Of Business

WHEN I telephone to a secretary friend at her office, her voice when she answers is cool and impersonal, with every word clearly spoken. But it sounds so colourless.

When she realizes that I am not a business executive but merely an old school friend, her voice becomes warm, and into it creeps a trace of her home dialect which most people find very attractive.

Do business people really prefer the artificial "telephone voice"?—MISS V. B., Medway Street, London.

Fuel By The Way

MINING areas in Derbyshire are not the only places where coal is dumped in the road ("Free Speech," September 18). In Mansfield, ordinary household coal as well as miners' coal is often delivered loose. The lorries are sometimes followed by youths and elderly men, who will carry the coal to the cellar for a shilling or two.

It is an untidy and sometimes inconvenient method of delivery, but as the total cost is pounds less than that of the same grade coal in London, it has something to commend it.—R. B. TRAVERS, Mayfair Avenue, Mansfield, Notts.

Acts passed in Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire prohibit the dumping of loose coal—if it causes obstruction or danger. As a result, coal in many areas is now bagged. A top-grade coal in Mansfield costs £4 16s. a ton loose and £4 19s. 4d. in bags; the same grade in London is £7 0s. 2d.

Burden Of Old Age

IN your Leader "Never Too Old" (JOHN BULL, September 25) you stress the point that the burden of the retirement pensions will be carried by the young. Such statements will be bitterly resented by old people, the majority of whom obviously have paid in for old-age pensions since 1912.

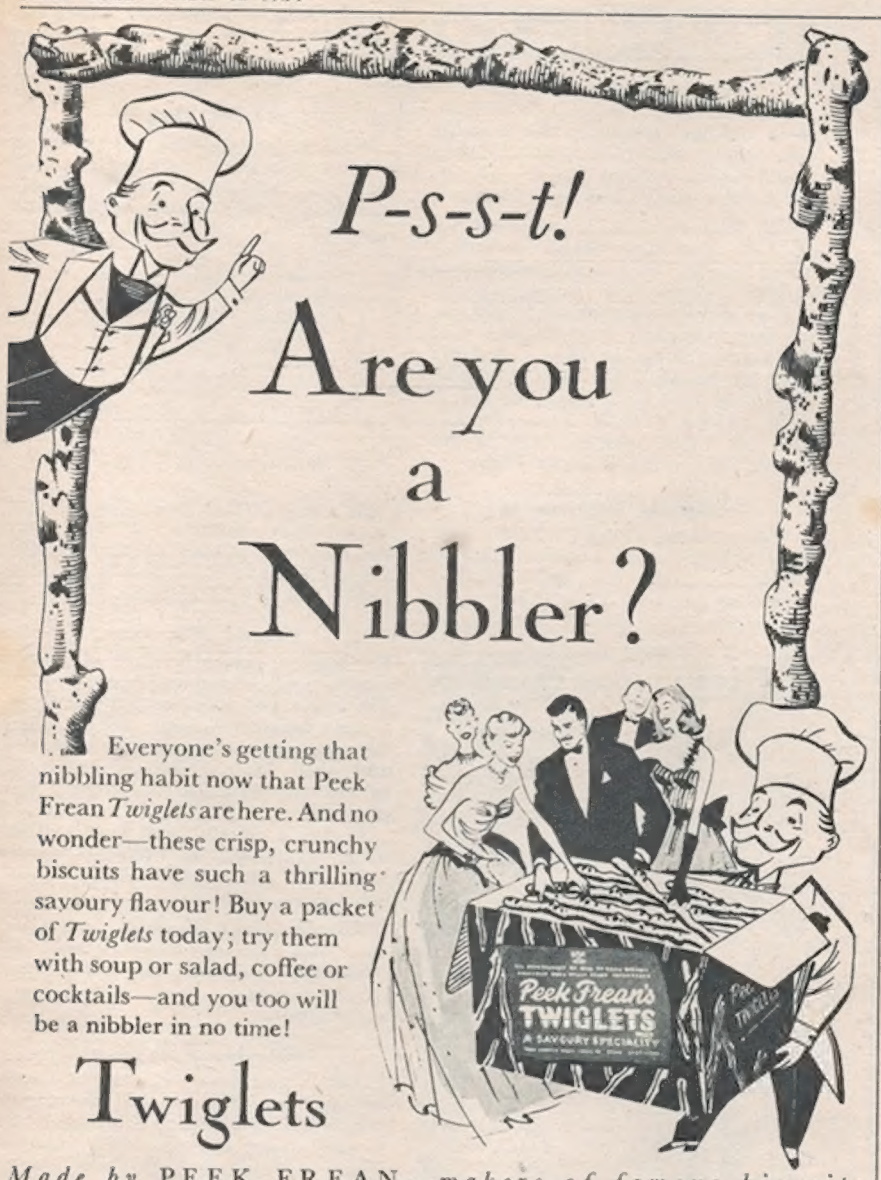
If in that year they had invested in an endowment policy the total sum they have since contributed to

Continued on page 6

VICTOR CANNING

His exciting new novel
CASTLE MINERVA
is coming soon to John Bull

Full details next week



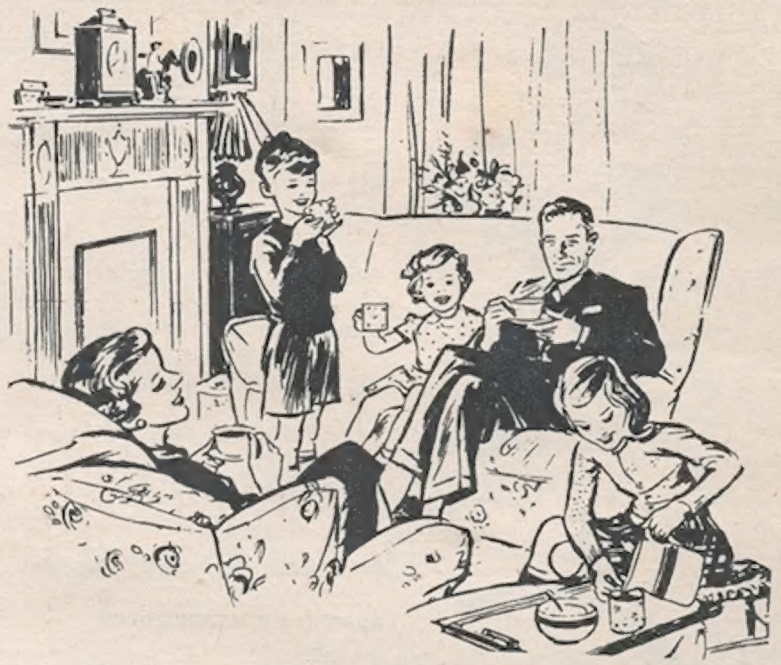
P-s-s-t!

Are you a Nibbler?

Everyone's getting that nibbling habit now that Peek Frean *Twiglets* are here. And no wonder—these crisp, crunchy biscuits have such a thrilling savoury flavour! Buy a packet of *Twiglets* today; try them with soup or salad, coffee or cocktails—and you too will be a nibbler in no time!

Twiglets

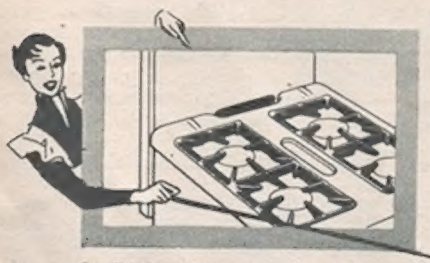
Made by PEEK FREAN—*makers of famous biscuits*



Calming and comforting...

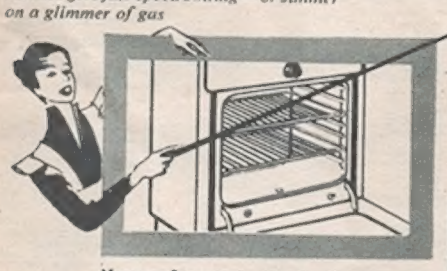
On the go, ever since Daddy came home—now they need calming and comforting with a goodnight cup of Rowntree's Cocoa (Mum knows it *must* be Rowntree's, so easily digested, and with a flavour all its own). This is the perfect way to get children to take hot milk. How clever of Mum always to have Rowntree's in the house!

ROWNTREE'S COCOA



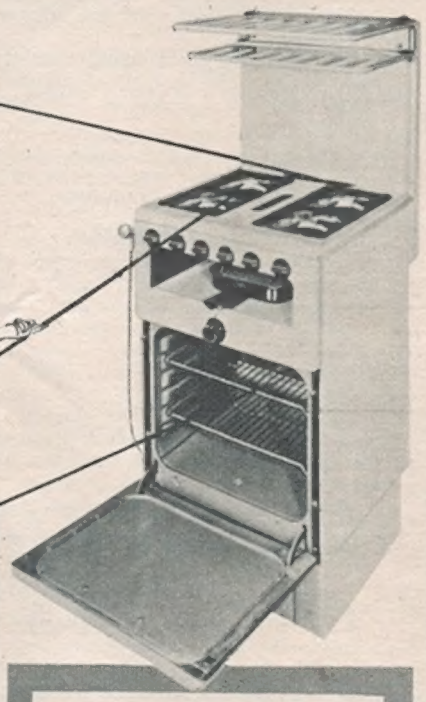
Sensible Vent *brings oven heat* in front *of splash plate, so it heats the platerack and doesn't stain the kitchen wall*

Turnabout *Pot supports are interchangeable, left to right, back to front. All four burners give full-speed boiling—or simmer on a glimmer of gas*



Masses of room *in the family size oven. You can stand slow-cooking dishes on the floor of the oven itself*

A Main to conjure with!



THE MAIN No. 20

CENTURY

GAS COOKER

Less work, less gas and heavenly cooking—that's the joy of the Main Century. This smart cream-enamel cooker is planned in detail for looks, for performance. But then it's a Main so you expect refinements

See it at your gas showrooms.
If you cook on gas you must have THE MAIN COOKERY BOOK. Over 750 recipes. 5/- post free from **Dept J.B. R & A Main Ltd 48 Grosvenor Gardens London, SW1**

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SAMUEL JONES & CO. LTD.
CAMBERWELL, LONDON, S.E.5.

120 FEET for 1/-
The Butterfly People

"Yes, roses are my favourite too! I love their fragrance about the house, and naturally I use Rose Perfumed Mansion Polish to add to the charm."

New Rose Perfumed 'Mansion', apart from its delightful fragrance, has a lasting shine, which is even easier and simpler to obtain.

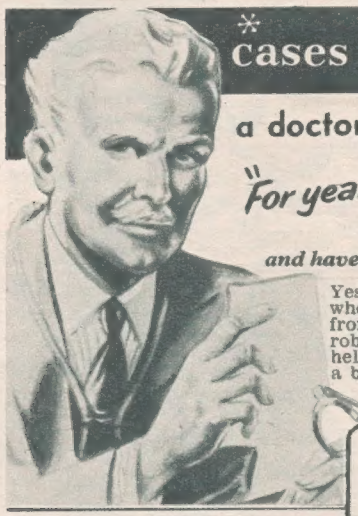
price 1/3

Rose perfumed **MANSION**

ROSE PERFUMED MANSION HYGIENIC WAX FURNITURE POLISH

IF YOU STILL PREFER THE POPULAR ANTISEPTIC PERFUME —USE MANSION POLISH, LIGHT OR DARK

11d., 1/6d. & 3/9d.



* cases for **KEYSTONE**

a doctor's actual words

"For years I've ordered Keystone Burgundy for my patients and have never been disappointed with results."

Yes—doctors know the value of good burgundy when you are run down, over-tired, weakened from illness! Keystone is a good, sound burgundy, robust, rich and red. Keystone sharpens appetite helps improve your diet, and makes every meal a banquet. Here are typical Keystone cases, taken from life.

When this patient asked her doctor to tell her of a good restorative wine, he unhesitatingly answered "Keystone."

A bank manager, ill from overwork, took Keystone on his doctor's recommendation, and subsequently always took it when he needed a pick-me-up.

Eldest of an orphaned family of nine, carrying on the home single-handed, this patient was advised Keystone by her doctor and found it a great help.

KEYSTONE

AUSTRALIAN BURGUNDY

11/6 a flagon 5/9 a half flagon

6d. deposit, returnable, on both sizes.

25

Bottled and guaranteed by Stephen Smith & Co. Ltd., London, E.3

FREE SPEECH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

their old-age pension, the benefits that they would receive in 1954 would reach a high figure.—W. E. CREW, Perivale, Greenford, Mddx.

The National Health Insurance Act of 1912 provided health insurance benefits only. The first contributory pensions scheme was started in 1926, and an old-age pension was only one of three benefits it provided. The government actuaries have calculated that the pensions portion of the contributions paid by a single man from 1926 to 1953 total approximately £52 10s. The capital value of the benefits he receives is about £820.

Somme Signpost

I WAS walking along Piccadilly with a French visitor to London when we came in sight of the Artillery Memorial at Hyde Park Corner. He said casually: "There's the signpost

to the Somme." I smiled and corrected him: "The word you want is *memorial* not signpost."

I was crushed when he explained that it was indeed a signpost. The howitzer is so sited, he told me, that if it could be fired, the shell would theoretically land on the Somme battlefield.

On checking up I found that this was in fact the designer's intention. —CAPTAIN R. JOHNSON, Watford, Herts.

The gun is a 9.2-in. howitzer, and the Memorial was unveiled in 1925. The sculptor was C. S. Jagger.

Longest Hill?

IS there any place name in the British Commonwealth longer than this one: Taumatawhakatangihangakoauauotamateapokaiwhenuakitanatahu Hill? It's a hill to the south-west of Porangahau in the North Island of New Zealand.

Translated from the Maori, it means: "The hill where Tamatea caused plaintive music from his flute to ascend to his beloved." There are sixty-one letters in the name.—MICHAEL SAGAR, Papanui, Christchurch, New Zealand.

Billet Duce

I WAS surprised when I received a letter from a very well-known firm of engineers, with this panel rubber-stamped at the bottom, next to the signature.

SIGNED IN THE ABSENCE OF THE DICTATOR AND SUBJECT TO CORRECTION BY EARLY POST

As one who has seen a world war caused by dictators, I feel that the choice of phrase could have been happier.—MRS. F. R. NIYOGI, Dorset Road, Ashford, Middlesex.

Fatal Flowers

IN hospital recently, my wife was sent a bunch of red and white flowers. The nurse put only the red flowers in a vase beside her bed. When asked the reason, she explained that red and white flowers were never placed in the same vase, as they were a sign of death.

Is this a purely local superstition, or is it followed in hospitals generally?—R. CLIFFORD, Winton Crescent, Carlisle.

The Middlesex Hospital in London says that in some hospitals red and white flowers are not put in the same vase in case the patients are superstitious.

Forging Ahead

I AM a newcomer living in a remote village; one Saturday morning recently I couldn't spare the time to go to the nearest town for a haircut. A friend told me that the local blacksmith would cut my hair in his smithy.

Apprehensively, I went there. The blacksmith was working the bellows, and asked me to wait. Then he produced his clippers, scissors and comb, invited me to sit down on an ordinary chair and performed the task with skill.

His fee was a modest ninepence

and I had to insist before he would accept a tip.—J. R. JONES, Moelfre, Oswestry.

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service

THIS WEEK'S COVER

HE is soaped, he is washed, then he is powdered—an undignified contrast to the days when powerful, speedy ancestors of artist Walter Wyles's Irish wolfhound were catching wolves during the Dark Ages. "Ten million Britons are owned by dogs," a humorist once said, and statistics prove it. More than two thousand dog shows are held each year, with, so it seems, as many bemedalled, soulful and appealing breeds. Most of today's breeds did not exist much before 1900 and, until the first shows were held in the 1860s, most dogs were bred and trained, like prehistoric man's wild campfollowers, for hunting, guarding and cattle control.

Winalot fitness is all round fitness

Winalot contains vital factors which will help to keep a dog on top of his form :—
CARBOHYDRATES for energy,
PROTEIN for repair of tissues,
MINERALS for bone and teeth,
VITAMINS essential for all round fitness.

Dogs find Winalot delicious and so wonderfully digestible. Every dog needs a meal of Winalot *everyday!*

Tails wag-a-lot for

SPILLERS

WINALOT

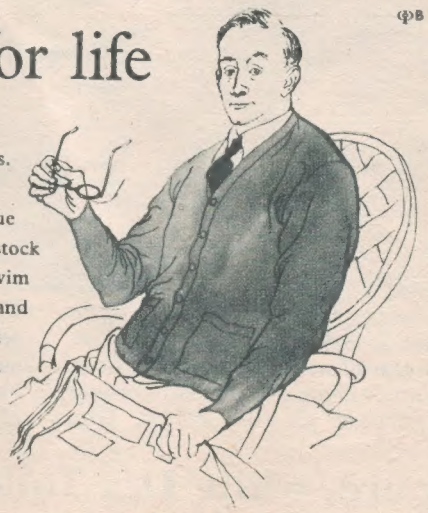
Available in sealed packets and cartons

For his other meal of the day give him **SPILLERS SHAPES**

Pick a friend for life

ΦB

Comfortable Pick knitted garments are tremendously smart—stay smart for years. Pick's excellent finish, plus Pick's use of high quality two-fold yarns, prevents undue stretching. Good outfitters and drapers stock Pick slipovers, pullovers, cardigans, swim wear for men; jerseys and pullovers for children of all ages—in plain and fancy styles.



PICK KNITWEAR

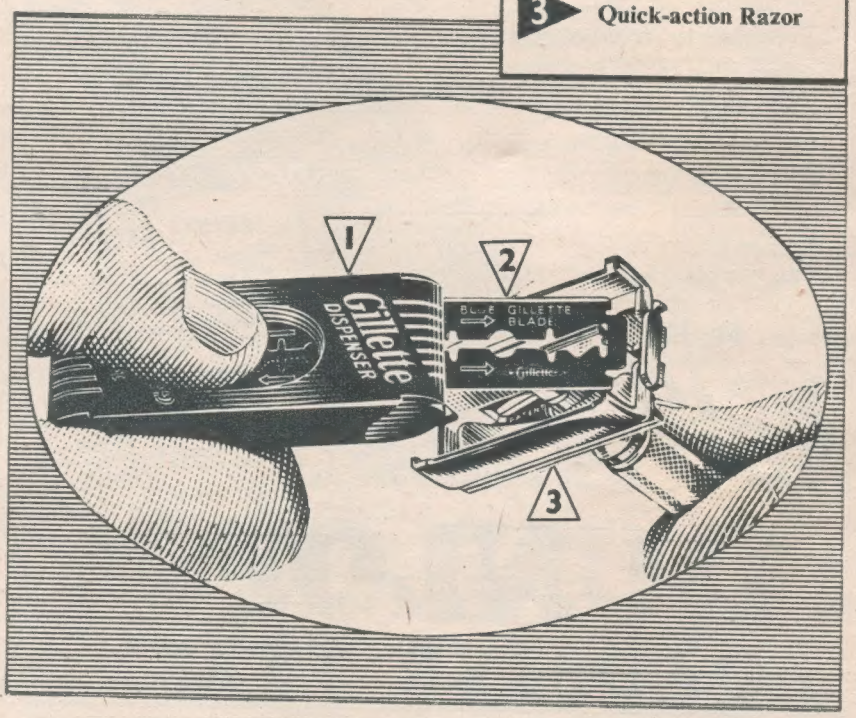
Pick the garment with this label

J. PICK & SONS LIMITED, LEICESTER

Gillette

Superspeed Shaving

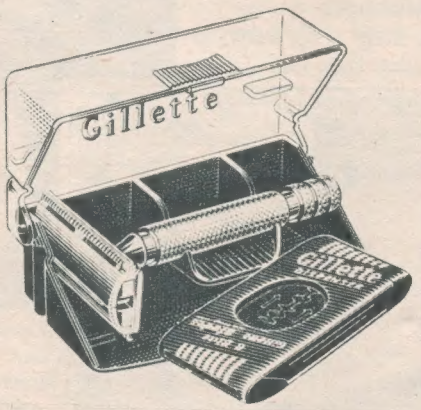
1 Quick-feed Dispenser
2 Blue Gillette Blade—sharpest in the world
3 Quick-action Razor



Shaving up-to-date

The Dispenser — latest Gillette time and trouble-saving innovation. New blade in a flash. No more tiresome unwrapping. No possibility of damaging blade edges. Special Gillette oil-protection brings you blades in the same perfect condition as they left the factory. Discarded blade container ends old blade nuisance.

10 Blue Gillette Blades (20 shaving edges) Dispenser or Packet **2/10**



Start Superspeed Shaving today

The 'Rocket' Set gives you all the elements of Gillette Superspeed Shaving for only 6/6. The system is speed from the word go. A quick-action razor and Blue Gillette Blade — sharpest in the world, swiftly stroke the bristle away. And what's more, in the 'Rocket' Set you get a quick-feed Dispenser with six blades. The razor and Dispenser are packed in a sparkling moulded case with transparent lid. It's really 8/6 value for only 6/6.

Good mornings begin with Gillette

Always use Gillette Shaving Cream

You're all Set

for more miles of safer cycling . . .

The Dunlop Roadster cycle tyre recognized as the first tyre for day-in, day-out riding, now gives place to something even better. The NEW Roadster offers more comfort, higher mileage and still greater safety — it's the tyre for YOU! Wired Cover 11/6d. Beaded Edge Cover 14/1d. Tube 5/4d.

POINTS AHEAD!

Added 'teeth' for greater skid-resistance.

Stronger cord generously rubber-insulated for extra resistance to impact.

Strengthened sidewalls to withstand constant flexing throughout the long life of the tyre and to protect against accidental damage without loss of liveliness.

. . . on the NEW

DUNLOP
ROADSTER TYRE

4H/313

Intrigue him with

Silken Sheen!

THERE'LL BE A NEW LOOK in his eyes when he sees the glorious silken sheen of your hair!

Give your hair silken sheen tonight with 'Vaseline' Brand Soapless Shampoo. It rinses out completely; no dulling film is left to spoil your hair's bright beauty. Because it is a 'Vaseline' Brand product, 'Vaseline' Soapless Shampoo is kind and gentle to your hair. Buy a packet today. Price 4½d.

Vaseline* SOAPLESS SHAMPOO

Makes your hair clean—gives it silken sheen

*'Vaseline' is the registered trade mark of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co. Ltd.

3864-2

It opened Mai's eyes!

WHAT IS IT LIKE to see yourself as a sculptor does?

"Definitely surprising," says lovely Mai Zetterling. "It's the first time I've looked at myself in 'three dimensions,' and I've discovered some new angles I never knew about before!"

But Mai's flawless complexion bears witness to the fact that she has little new to learn about keeping her skin lovely. She took a good look at toilet soaps a long time ago, and wisely picked the *whitest of all*—Lux Toilet Soap.

You see, the whiteness of Lux Toilet Soap is an outward sign of its inward purity. It's an assurance that Lux Toilet Soap is gentle and mild, safe enough to merit the care of the most delicate skin.

Look for yourself, as Mai Zetterling did — and you'll find that Lux Toilet Soap is the very *whitest* in the world. On sight alone, you sense its wonderful purity. Nine out of 10 film stars use Lux Toilet Soap. They, too, have their eyes wide open where their complexion's concerned.

The bewitching fragrance of pure, white Lux Toilet Soap lingers lovingly with you, enhances your allure. Try Lux Toilet Soap today. It comes in two sizes—each a promise of new loveliness for your delicate skin.

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"Tonight," said the admiral, "we shall make history—as the first men to fetch an authentic sea serpent ashore"

THE NIGHT OF THE CADBOROSAURUS

by ARTHUR MAYSE

ILLUSTRATED BY CLIVE UPTTON

AT SIXTEEN HOURS of the twenty-third day of his eleventh month on Bullard Head, Colonel Terrence Crozier, D.S.O., C.B.E., Indian Army, Ret., advanced into his cucurbit patch with spading fork at the high port and the light of madness in his eyes. He drove the tines through his largest pumpkin, wrenched his steel free and completed the demolition with his boots. As he pressed his systematically murderous attack, his cursing became a chant in which Hindustani mingled with the dialects of the north.

He was skewering the smaller orbs where they cowered amid their leaves when a hand was laid on his shoulder and a voice spoke soothingly in his ear:

"Steady, old man, steady! This, too, will pass."

The haze cleared from Colonel Crozier's vision as abruptly as it had descended. He recognized the round, wind-burned face of his neighbour to the south, the navy fellow, and surrendered the fork without protest. Meekly he permitted Admiral Howlett to lead him to the garden seat. Dazed, shocked beyond measure at his erratic behaviour, he sat with drooping shoulders in the British Columbia sunlight, staring down at his pumpkin-spattered boots.

"Comes to us all," said Admiral Howlett, gruff sympathy in his tone. "At that, Crozier, you've lasted longer than most. Six months brought it to me."

"I don't follow you." Colonel Crozier found his voice with an effort. Although he respected the senior service, his contacts with it had always been on the stiff side. To run amok through his garden was humiliating enough, without the added embarrassment of being checked in his folly by a navy bloke. "Brought what, sir?"

"Death of the dream," his neighbour told him solemnly and a little sadly. "Frustration of vacuity. *Heimweh, cafard*—whatever name you care to give it." He extended his tobacco pouch. "Wager you passed many an hour of active service laying out this garden."

Colonel Crozier nodded. He fumbled for his pipe with fingers that still trembled slightly.

"I sketched it many a time," he acknowledged. "Compost bins here, cold frame and hotbed yonder—a place for everything and everything in its place. The mere thought of it, the anticipation, helped tide me through some

Crozier looked up. "What are you driving at?" The admiral's eyes gleamed. "If I tried to tell you, you'd set me down as a dreamer—or worse"

fairly nasty shows." He forced himself to look up, reticence struggling against the need to understand and to be understood. "That's what makes this—this seizure so dashed baffling. I'd brought those pumpkins along all summer. I'd intended to show the largest at St. David's fall fair."

His acquaintance with the admiral was slight. An occasional "Good morning" across the hedge, tea at Lady Wortham's, and one rather formal consultation about a dead balsam that bestrode the property line. But a sensible man —if he could still qualify as such—will depart from convention when faced by the unorthodox.

"You say you were the victim of a similar fit, Howlett?"

"With me," said the admiral, "it was fishing. Keen on the sport from earliest boyhood. 'Fact, in the service I was known as one who'd sooner fish than eat." He lowered his bulk to the garden seat with something between a grunt and a sigh. The smoke of Three Vicars, canister cut in the export tin, made a pungent mist above them; the languorous warmth that Indian summer brings to Vancouver Island caressed their tweedy shoulders. "I resolved that when my time came to swallow the anchor I should locate a good salmon ground and spend my declining years with rod in hand."

Colonel Crozier nodded. "A sound decision," he agreed. He had fished for mahseer once while on leave in the hills, and the thrill of strike and battle was among his brighter memories.

"For six months after I retired to Bullard Head," Admiral Howlett continued, "it was plum duff every Sunday. Caught salmon at dawn and dusk and in the heat of noon. Was convinced I was the happiest, the most contented man alive. Then one evening when I'd whipped a forty-pounder and was about to gaff him, something exploded."

"My experience exactly," Colonel Crozier murmured. "An explosion in the head."

"In the hand," Admiral Howlett said. "It was my revolver. I made a practice of carrying it to pot at hair seals. Found myself half out of my boat, mouthing like a madman, five rounds fired and my salmon a veritable sieve." He shook his head at the recollection. "Well, Crozier, not to weary you, I'll only add that I haven't wet a line from that day to this."

The admiral's pipe had gone out. He scratched a match on his haunch and added, very casually, but with a swift, almost furtive side glance: "At least, not for salmon, I haven't."

SENIOR service nothwithstanding, Colonel Crozier found that he had warmed remarkably to his neighbour. Also, it was a comfort to learn that his own aberration was not unique. "I take it you found a compensation elsewhere?"

"I was saved," the admiral told him. "You see, old boy, I'd intended the sixth round for myself. I was saved by a miracle, or, more correctly, a myth."

He got to his feet and stood with boots wide planted as if upon a gale-battered bridge. His voice was grave, but his blue eyes, bright as the autumn strait below, gleamed with what seemed the reflection of some deep inward fire.

"Crozier," he said, "I expect during your years East you barged into some queer corners. Encountered the unexplainable, were baffled by the insoluble—that sort of thing, what?"

"In honesty," Colonel Crozier replied, "I can't say I've wasted much time on such matters." Uneasiness stirred in him, and disappointment. He began to wonder if the man had recovered his grip as thoroughly as surface appearances indicated. He looked up into the admiral's bright blue eyes. "Exactly what are you driving at, sir?"

"If I told you," Admiral Howlett said, "if I even tried to tell you, you'd set me down as a dreamer. Or worse." He lifted his jacket tail and drew out a small black memorandum book. "Let's see," he muttered, more to himself than

There was a savage yank on the rope. It sent them flying through the night, as though pulled by

to the colonel, who watched him with an increasingly dubious frown. "Moon's a night off full. Spring tide making. Yes, tonight might do it; although tomorrow would be better."

In the stillness of the sun-drenched garden, the tiny snap as he closed the book came plain to the colonel's ears.

"Trouble with myths," Admiral Howlett said in his normal matter-of-fact tone. "if a man's a healthy sceptic he won't believe in 'em without physical evidence. I propose to show you my myth. Stop by my place in an hour. We'll have a warmer before we push off; it's cold as billy-be-damned on the water these nights."

Colonel Crozier rose. He had carefully not committed himself to whatever mumbo-jumbo the admiral wished to enlist him upon, nor did he intend so to do. What he wanted, and that urgently, was a drink.

"Thank you, Howlett," he said. "You've been a help to me." Stiffly he added: "I won't fly off at any more tangents, I'm sure."

He was clear of the garden and crossing his rear lawn when the admiral's halloo checked him.

"I say, Crozier! Bring a rifle! Not a rook gun, but a double bore—the heaviest you own!"

The colonel lengthened his stride. A backward glance from the patio showed him his neighbour kneeling in the cucurbit patch, turning up to the sun those pumpkins which had escaped destruction.

Alone in his oak-panelled library, Colonel Crozier gazed moodily through the window. His garden was empty now save for a flitting of varied thrushes; he preferred not to dwell on the upset of the earlier afternoon.

This day had started like any of a hundred others, past or waiting unhatched in the monotone future. He had risen at six, put on riding kit and driven in his small car to the boarding stables where he kept his bay mare, Shari. For a measured hour he had knocked a polo ball about the exercise field. He had then returned to his place on Bullard Head—the gentleman's small estate that his wisely invested savings had bought for his retirement—and breakfasted sparingly, as was his bachelor custom. At nine he had walked up to the postbox in hope of overseas mail, but found the box unturned, and, after changing to moleskins and half wellingtons, had addressed himself to a day in the garden.

He had trimmed out and burned the dead raspberry canes, planted a row of strawberries from runners, spaded the last of his potato crop and straightened to inspect his pumpkins.

Then, as the children across the road were in the habit of shouting at their play, *"Bong!"*

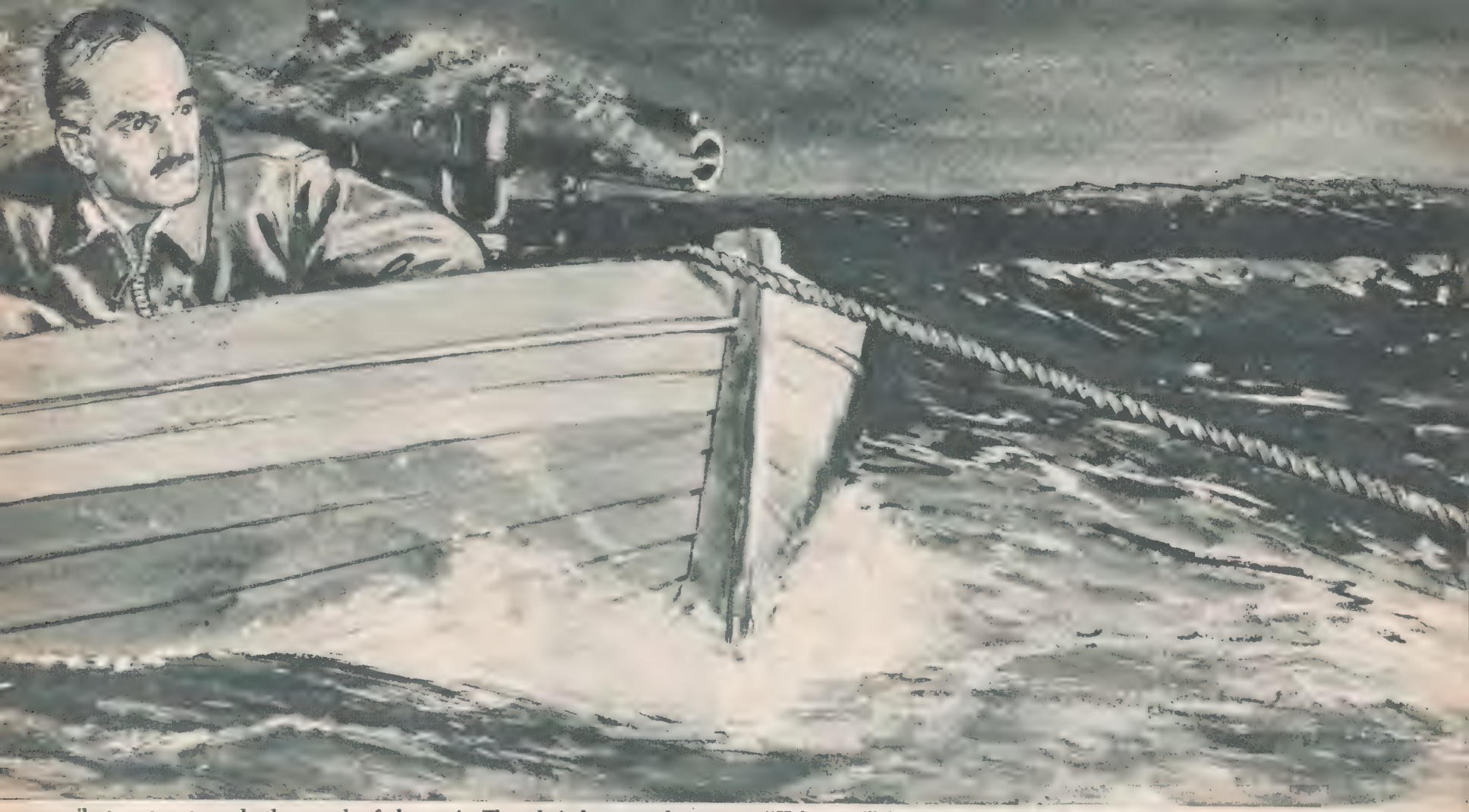
Colonel Crozier winced at the recollection. He thought of his predecessor on the gentleman's small estate, the R.A.F. group captain whose weathered behives squatted among fireweed tangles above the cove. Of the air force Johnny all that remained was a stain on the rug by the writing desk where he had kept his loaded Webley. Death of the dream, Howlett had said. Perhaps when the dream died, when one achieved one's heart's desire only to find it a hellish delusion, it was time for the man to follow.

He poured himself another brandy. For a moment longer he stood, lean and straight-backed, scowling through the library window. The daylight blue was fading from the strait; in the east, a pale, round ghost of a moon was rising.

To end as a stain upon a carpet might be *dulce et decorum* for the junior service, but not for a pukka sahib. Colonel Crozier set down his glass and strode to his gun cabinet. From the rack he took a double-barrelled .405. Into his jacket pocket he dropped half a dozen cartridges, each longer and thicker than his thumb. He let himself out by the side door and pushed through Admiral Howlett's hedge gap.

THE admiral's library, with its blurred sepia landscapes, its mementoes of foreign ports and set of Kipling in the Outward Bound edition, was a near replica of his own. The admiral straddled before his fireplace, a rum toddy in his fist. A duffel watch coat, stiff and wide as a herald's tabard, enveloped him from neck to knee. The hood was thrown back; with firelight ruddy on his face, he looked fit and hearty, and eminently sane.

"Good hunting!" he said, and raised his



some silent motor, towards the mouth of the strait. The admiral was exultant now. "He's ours!" he shouted. "We've only got to wear him out!"

glass. "Or p'raps 'Tight lines!' would be more in order. Knew you wouldn't fail me, old fellow!"

"Cheers," Colonel Crozier responded without enthusiasm.

"Not Nelson's blood by a long shot," said his neighbour, briskly pouring a second application, "but it serves, it serves. American stuff. Have it by the case from Lady Wortham, God bless her."

He glanced at his wrist watch. "Don't wish to hustle you, Crozier, but it'd best be bottoms up and boarders away. You'll recall what they say of time and tide."

From a closet he produced a salmon rod with reel attached. "Camouflage only," he said, and thrust the rod into the colonel's hands. "Carry the beastly thing, will you? Mere touch of it brings me out in a rash. I'll take the gun."

Colonel Crozier hesitated, but only for a moment. Then, with jaws clamped on question and protest, he followed the admiral out to the smoky evening.

After all, he thought, *I have nothing, nothing whatever, to lose.*

The day breeze had died, the cove below Admiral Howlett's wooded acres was a mirror in which swam pink clouds of sunset. Outside the cove, the darkening strait ran level to fog that rose in a silver wall. Between cove and fog bank, several small boats crept along the edge of a kelp bed, trolling for salmon.

Admiral Howlett's launch rode at moorings, but the admiral spared it not a glance. With a nautical roll and a slight unsteadiness, he tramped towards the head of the horseshoe cove.

The rock there was deeply indented. Peering, Colonel Crozier distinguished another boat in the shadowy slot. It was green-hulled and engineless, perhaps fifteen feet from stern to stem. As he helped the admiral drag it from its hiding place, he noted the rowlocks were muffled in chamois and that the bow carried a superstructure of some sort, a formless hump sheathed in tarpaulin.

"Heave ho, old chap!" the admiral exhorted him, and he surprised himself by heaving with a will. The rum toddies, he supposed. He had drained his second at a gulp and, unless he missed his guess, Admiral Howlett was definitely tiddly. Caution gave him a final prod. For all he knew, his neighbour might be a runner of aliens or contraband. The shrouded object on the bow deck looked suspiciously like a gun—blasted awkward if he found himself embarked on a lunatic attempt to take Washington State by force of arms.

But better a Yankee jail than return to a vegetative existence on Bullard Head. He lurched into the stern sheets. The boat rocked as the admiral hoisted his bulk inboard. They glided from the cove, through a hush punctuated only by the rustle of the admiral's watch coat as he pulled rather raggedly upon the oars.

"We're early," Admiral Howlett said. "We'll just putter about a while." He sent the salmon rod clattering sternward with a nudge of his gumboot. "P'raps you'd go through the motions, eh? No point in rousing curiosity among the natives."

CROZIER took the rod. The salmon spoon, he saw, was woefully tarnished. He rubbed it on his sleeve, dropped it overboard and fed out line. To hands accustomed to a spading fork, the rod felt light and supple. It was pleasant to be afloat on this still autumn evening—satisfying and peculiarly exciting to feel the throb of the lure below. A garden, he reflected, spelled order and certainty. You sowed, you reaped and stored, and with spring you faced the loathsome round all over again.

Angling was different. Angling was all uncertainty, a challenge to the unknown forces of the ocean.

The rod banged on the gunwale. Its tip bowed towards the darkening water. Something pulled, and pulled again. Line began to sing from the reel.

"Hooked one, by Jove!" Colonel Crozier cried, hearing only distantly the admiral's growl of "blamed nuisance!"

His salmon fought strongly, taking much line, yielding only grudgingly to the pressure of the rod. But at length its runs grew weaker. The colonel coaxed it up from the depths. He peered overside, saw the large shape dimly gleaming, and demanded urgently: "What next Howlett? Tell me how to proceed."

"Shake the brute loose," the admiral said. He had been rowing steadily out towards the fog bank. Now he leaned back in a long, strong stroke. An oar tip fouled the line, the salmon threshed, the leader parted.

"Why the devil did you do that?"

"Because," said the admiral, "we shall need clear decks. It won't help us later to have a great, silly, slippery fish underfoot."

"Help us in what?" Colonel Crozier spoke edgily; his fish had been a beauty, worth a place above anyone's mantel. "I've had enough of this confounded hocus-pocus, sir! I must insist that you tell me what we're up to! Either that or set me ashore!"

"Won't do either," Admiral Howlett answered him calmly. "Just you bear with me yet awhile, old boy."

The other boats had gone in. The moon was well risen, an orange disc that sent its path wavering across empty waters. From shoreward, the muted pulse of an engine reached their ears. The sound deepened until, well clear of the moonpath, a launch showed in dim silhouette. It ran lightless and with purposeful stealth towards the American side of the strait.

"Yonder's Lady Wortham," the admiral said. "Didn't think she'd venture out with a moon and all."

"I take it she's part of your snipe hunt?"

"No, no. Has her own little show, and takes a deal of innocent enjoyment from it, I must say. Retired to Bullard Head hell-hot to write Sir Robert's biography. Before she got a word on paper, she realized from his diaries what a truly frightful old bounder her husband had been. Hove Sir Bob's journals into her rubbish bin. Turned to smuggling. All honest and above board—she sends Customs a sum each trip to cover duty. Anonymously, of course." In mild reproof he added, "Surprised you didn't know of this, Crozier. Comes of immolating yourself among your vegetables—not that I don't feel gardening is a fine hobby, if one doesn't pursue it to distraction. You were a bit of a dog to bash those pumpkins, you know."

Still rowing, he glanced over his shoulder. Looking past him, Colonel Crozier saw kelp

Lady Wortham began pulling them in. "He only missed ramming me by a hair," she said coolly

bulbs shining in bland moonlight. Beyond the kelp, the fog wall undulated south along the strait. They were, the colonel estimated, at least two miles from the Canadian shore, and now that Lady Wortham's launch had disappeared, alone as if in mid-ocean.

Admiral Howlett drew his oars inboard. "We're on station," he announced. "Doubt there'll be anything stirring till high-water slack, but we'd best clear for action in case." He looked younger, harder. Even his voice had changed. It was mild no longer, but resonant with gruff authority. "Forward with you, Crozier! Loose and stow the tarpaulin! No more noise than necessary, if you please!"

Colonel Crozier clambered past him into the bows. He freed the canvas from its lashings. What he saw, mounted on the reinforced bow decking, was a swivel gun of the kind that Old Country poachers once employed for mass slaughter of waterfowl. Shorter, though, and very much heavier. A crudely forged harpoon, barbed and whetted so that its steel glittered in the moon rays, projected from the gun barrel. The harpoon neck had been drilled to take a line; inch manilla sagged through a hole in the decking to a large, orderly coil.

"My own device," Admiral Howlett said proudly. "Knocked it together at my workbench. First one blew up, else—well, it blew up. Had charged it with black powder, a stupid mistake. This one is loaded with cordite. Confident it'll serve, but to be on the safe side, skip back lively when you tug the lanyard."

"Understood," Colonel Crozier said. The man was a maniac; to indulge him seemed the safest course. "May I inquire what we do while—while waiting for our quarry, sir?"

"We watch and we listen. Otherwise, we just sit." The admiral groped in the folds of his duffel coat, produced a large leather-cased flask. "Time for a warmer, old man."

THE rum toddy had lost none of its potency by cooling. Colonel Crozier tilted the flask towards the orange moon, feeling the autumn chill give way to a singing in his blood, In spite of his grave doubts about the admiral's sanity, he found himself alert, even eager for what the night might bring.

Small ripples lisped against the boat strakes. The moon climbed, mellowing from orange to gold as it neared the zenith. For a time they floated slowly down the water lane between fog bank and flooded reef. Even that slight motion ceased at last.

"High-water slack," the admiral muttered over his shoulder. "If he's to appear, it will be at any moment now."

A herring school crossed their bows, the little fish twinkling firefly-like through ebony depths. The following quiet was so deep that Colonel Crozier could hear his companion's breathing and the tick of the watch on his own wrist.

The hush broke, shattered by a swift pattering as if a rain squall lanced the strait. The sea spoke to them in a prolonged, gurgling sigh. A wave danced towards them out of the fog. Sea fire fretted its crest—herring leaping and skittering in frantic flight.

"He's up," Admiral Howlett whispered tensely. "Up and feeding." The boat curvetted as the wave rustled beneath her. "Be ready, Crozier!"

"Ready for what? Howlett, what's out there? In heaven's name, man, what is it?"

"My myth. The creature that can't exist but does." Admiral Howlett passed the flask. "That yonder, old boy, is Cadborosaurus. His former habitat was off Cadboro Bay near Victoria. Was so badgered and pestered there that he's moved to new grounds."

Another wave, another panic dance of herring.

"Spotted him first night I revolted against fishing. Glimpsed him twice since then. Would

Continued on page 35

Cecil Clarke sells white magic by the ton

by JOHN HARMAN

It is used by everyone . . . housewife and oil magnate, beauty expert and racing driver. His great wonder powder is—starch

ONE AFTERNOON, Cecil Clarke, a starch salesman, decided to take advantage of his wife's absence from the kitchen to try an experiment. A foundry manager had told him that cores of sand and linseed oil, used for shaping the insides of iron castings, crumbled when molten metal was poured around them. Time was wasted in removing blemishes from the castings.

Clarke made some core mixture by stirring oil and sand in a pudding basin. Then, to test his theory that starch might solve the foundry's problem, he added a little in the form of a powder.

"I moulded several dummy cores with an ashtray and baked them in the oven," he says. "They made a smell which ruined the oven for weeks—but went so solid that they failed to break, even when kicked around the garden."

Soon he was selling hundreds of tons of starch to foundries as a core binder. When the war began shortly afterwards, the quick manufacture of castings enabled arms factories to race ahead with production. One firm, making block-buster bombs, increased its output sixfold.

The foundry manager who first mentioned the problem to Clarke, however, has admitted that if starch had been suggested without proof of its value, he would have laughed at the idea.

His Challenge To Sceptics

Clarke, a spry, sixty-six year old Londoner who is sales director of Brown and Polson, the biggest starch makers in Britain, often finds it hard to persuade people that the usefulness of his product extends farther than the washtub. In fact, starch, in a raw state, or converted into forms such as cornflour or glucose, enters into the manufacture of almost everything in daily use.

His way of convincing sceptics is to challenge them to name an article in which starch is *not* involved. "They are sometimes surprised to learn that makers of toothpaste, cosmetics, soap powder, vinegar, paint and hundreds of things —including fireworks—rely on starch as a raw material."

In his search for business, Clarke has visited paper mills, nearly all of which need starch as a pulp binder; carpet factories, where it is used by the ton for strengthening jute backings; and textile mills, where it is essential for sizing yarn before weaving and giving a lustre to finished fabrics. Lately, he has gone to collieries, which now employ a starch solution to carry off clay and other impurities during coal-washing.

Coffee Baffled Technicians

Clarke was once called to a food factory. "For months, its technicians had been baffled in trying to make a soluble coffee powder," he says. "They had evolved the theory of spraying liquid coffee down the inside of a hot tower. The coffee should have arrived at the bottom in a dry powder, but in practice it collected in a glutinous mass."

He took the problem to his firm's laboratory staff, who recommended the addition of glucose to the liquid coffee. Its absorbent properties helped to dry the coffee thoroughly on its fall down the tower, and the technique became the basis of a well-established industry.

Ingenious applications of starch have also been pioneered by clients themselves. Clarke was surprised when the name of an oil-well drilling company appeared in his order book. On investigation, he found that "drilling mud," a fluid pumped down oil-wells during drilling, had been lost when, instead of gushing back to the surface with the drill cuttings and being

In the kitchen above his office, Clarke offers custard for a panel to sample. An experiment at home spoilt the oven in his own kitchen for weeks

A girl chemist tests the quality of cornflour. Every year, Clarke sells more than two thousand tons—in one-ounce packets

In a separator, starch is freed from maize grains. Glucose tablets, made from starch, were used by many peers at the Coronation

available for re-use, it seeped through porous rock. "The company wanted a substance which could be added to the mud to coat the inside of the shaft, and had discovered that common starch, of the same kind which stiffens collars, was the answer."

More recently, some makers of supersonic aircraft put in an order. Their difficulty was injecting semi-solid lubricant into the bearings of a jet engine—and they solved it by diluting the lubricant with glucose, which burned out when the engine started.

This year, Clarke expects to sell at least 200,000 tons of starch and by-products. They are all derived from pale-yellow maize, imported mainly from South Africa.

In his firm's giant mills at Paisley, Scotland, the grains are first softened in water. Then they are carefully crushed so that the oil-containing seed inside each grain is torn away without spoiling the starch. The seeds are processed separately to obtain the oil, which goes to makers of margarine, salad dressings and soap. The starch, meanwhile, is filtered and dried for sale as laundry starch, or for conversion into cornflour and glucose.

Spark Caused Factory Fire

Since starch is among the most dangerous of dusts and can, if suspended in air, be touched off like gunpowder, its manufacturers constantly dread explosions. Many starch factories have been blown up or destroyed by fire.

At Paisley, an elaborate ventilation system ensures that the air is kept on the move, but once, when dust was allowed to accumulate, a spark from a boot nail sent a flash of "lightning" zig-zagging across the factory.

"Fire broke out, and firemen used water to tackle the flames," says Arthur Corbett, who is Clarke's deputy. "The starch immediately turned to glue, which in a few minutes was up to everyone's knees."

This adhesive property of starch plays its part in gums and pastes for envelopes, bags and labels. Some firms want adhesives designed for special jobs. After a drinking-straw factory had opened near Glasgow, the owner-manager sent an urgent plea for help. He explained to Clarke that he had bought machinery for twisting the straws out of paper, only to find that no glue would dry quickly enough to hold them together.

Clarke and his laboratory team invented an adhesive which set in thirty seconds—but they had to get round an unexpected snag.

"As sometimes happens, through having a finger in virtually every industry, we had created trouble for ourselves," he says. "The paper was so heavily sized with our own starch that the adhesive refused to stick to it. The adhesive had to contain a solvent to deal with the size."

Sold Glucose To Athletes

The industrial conversion of starch into glucose, carried out with heat and acid, is the same as the human digestive process of turning starchy food into blood-sugar. When Clarke noticed in medical journals in the early 1930s that, because of this, doctors were prescribing glucose as an easily digested form of sugar, he started a sales campaign to popularize it among the general public.

He has sold glucose tablets to champion athletes, footballers, racing drivers and airmen. On Coronation Day he supplied several thousand to peers, who tucked them in their coronets for the Abbey ceremony, and to first-aid teams.

Liquid glucose is used by jam and confectionery firms. Clarke, on visiting one sweet factory in search of a repeat order, found that too much heat was being applied to a vat in which glucose was being boiled. As a result, the glucose was boiling up a sickly yellow.

The works manager was so convinced that the glucose was at fault that Clarke, for fear of losing a client, decided on a drastic measure. When the manager's back was turned, he dipped a blue-bag into the vat. The manager was appalled at the colour of the glucose and admitted that perhaps, after all, the heating was to blame.

"I might have got away with the deception," says Clarke. "Unfortunately, I left the bag behind. On my next visit, he solemnly presented me with it."

Through grocery wholesalers, Clarke sells each year more than two thousand tons of flavoured cornflour in one-ounce packets. On a floor above his office in the Strand, London, he has a luxurious blue and cream kitchen, fitted with the latest gadgets, in which expert cooks try out new recipes.

Woman Made Two Complaints

Housewives are quick to blame him for culinary mishaps. A short while ago, a woman in South London telephoned and complained indignantly that a chocolate blancmange would not thicken. Clarke called at her house and took a sample of the blancmange powder back to the kitchen, where it was tested and found to be satisfactory.

The following day, when the woman made a similar complaint, Clarke collected a sample of the blancmange in a bottle and sent it by air to his firm's laboratories at Paisley. Analysts found that she had used powdered milk which had been sour when it was powdered. On being reconstituted, it curdled the mixture.

After starting his career as a starch salesman at the age of seventeen—"They were days when the boss wore a frock coat, stood with his back to the fire and seemed to talk about nothing but cricket"—Clarke rose to the job of area manager. He was given an office in Birmingham and handed a list of twenty clients. Within three years he had two thousand. Today he has more than 30,000 names on his books.

Many firms first realized the value of maize starch during the war, when other starches, imported from the East, became unobtainable. A market also opened for steep-water, the dark, vegetable-smelling liquid in which maize has been softened at the mill. Scientists found it was the only fluid suitable for growing penicillin in bulk. Clarke has since sold thousands of gallons of the water for growing not only penicillin, but also streptomycin and aureomycin.

Sprayed On Aircraft Wings

Another wartime use of starch with a peacetime application involves glucose. Owing to its low freezing point, it was sprayed on the wings of bombers to prevent icing at high altitudes. "I now supply glucose to makers of an anti-freeze liquid which is coated on railway lines in frosty weather."

Clarke's latest development is starch for cattle. A breeder approached him with the problem of feeding some calves which had been taken from their mothers. They were unable to eat their synthetic milk, consisting of powdered fish meal stirred in water, because it collected in a sediment at the bottom of the bucket. Clarke suggested mixing starch with the water to keep the fish meal in suspension. After a demonstration, the breeder promptly ordered fifty tons.

The idea of marketing another kind of food product for animals was recently given to him by accident. He visited a factory in Manchester which kept a pair of tabby cats. The foreman was puzzled because, although both cats had been born on the same day, one had grown to nearly twice the size of the other.

Clarke watched the cats' movements for a while and believes he found the answer. "I followed the bigger one on what was obviously a regular trip into the storeroom. It went straight to some liquid glucose which was dripping on to the floor." THE END

Alan Francis (left) has to attend luncheon and dinner parties as part of his job. Most of his time as consul-general is spent on public relations

'Mr. Britain' of New Orleans

by KEITH ELLIS

As the Queen's agent in America's romantic south, Alan Francis has to cope with doped drinks, war brides, M.P.s—and pelicans

NEW ORLEANS

ON THE EVENING when two visiting British business men arrived in New Orleans they set out to tour the city's French Quarter. After a single drink, one of them felt tired and returned to his hotel. The other decided to stay out a little longer. Next morning he awoke in a police cell.

After his friend had bailed him out, he phoned Alan David Francis, Her Britannic Majesty's Consul-General at New Orleans. "After my friend left me last night," he explained, "I had two or three more drinks. I don't remember anything more until I woke up in a cell. Two hundred dollars had disappeared from my pocket and the police had booked me on charges of being drunk and disorderly and resisting arrest. The point is: I wasn't drunk. Shall I plead guilty or not guilty? And what about the two hundred dollars?"

Having dealt with similar cases in the past, Francis told him that he had little chance of recovering his money. "I put him on to the consular lawyer, who advised him to plead guilty. He got off with a fine. As for his losing consciousness, a barman had probably slipped him a doped drink."

A lifelong expatriate with unruly white hair, and spectacles which have a tendency to slip down his nose, fifty-three year old Alan Francis has, for the last four years, safeguarded Britain's interests in the states of Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and part of Tennessee.

Except for Canadians—who now have their own consul at New Orleans—he is responsible for all British subjects. Beneath a portrait of the Queen behind his desk hangs a commission, signed by her, giving him "full power and authority by all lawful means to aid and protect our merchants and others our subjects who may trade with, visit or reside within his Consular District."

When a visiting insurance man used his small dollar allowance to pay for his sick wife's hospital and doctor's bills, Francis helped him to get a further allocation of dollars from the Bank of England. For a young student, stranded in New Orleans when his car crashed, he was able to cash a cheque. When a hotel manager refused a properly endorsed traveller's cheque from a visitor who wished to leave before the banks opened, Francis persuaded him that he could safely accept it as payment.

To keep official British visitors happy, Francis has obtained everything from the latest *Times* crossword puzzle for an eminent field marshal to the honorary citizenship of New Orleans for an M.P.

As consul-general, Francis leaves most of the routine consular business to his staff and concentrates on public relations. He is Britain's official representative at functions in his consular area and frequently addresses organizations and clubs. Educated at Winchester and Magdalen College, Oxford, he entered the General Consular Service in 1923 and has since held posts in Antwerp, Rotterdam, Brussels, Panama, Bogota, Prague, Lisbon, Barcelona, and Caracas. In 1944, the consular services

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GOOD THINGS FROM THE FACTORY IN A GARDEN

Your guide to what's inside *Cadburys* ROSES

Cadburys make news again—with a bright new box and gay new wrappers for their Roses assortment. These wrappers are not only decorative, they're useful. They help you to tell your favourite Roses centres at a glance. And what a delicious assortment they are —no wonder everybody says '*I want Cadburys*'.

Cadburys

FACTORY IN A GARDEN

MY LEFT FOOT (3) *by Christy Brown: an inspiring story of courage*

I write a love letter–and a suicide note

I foolishly believed that my affliction didn't matter. Then Jenny gazed at me with pity in her eyes, and in that look I saw the hopelessness of my future

PAINTING BECAME EVERYTHING to me. By it I learned to express myself in many subtle ways. Through it I made articulate all that I saw and felt, all that went on inside the mind that was housed within my useless body. I was now thirteen —a boy so crippled at birth by cerebral palsy that I could not walk, use my hands or speak.

But I *could* paint and I *could* write—with my left foot. With a paint brush or pencil gripped between my toes, I would sit alone in my bedroom for hours, amusing myself by painting and writing. I had even won a children's painting competition. But apart from the control I had over my left leg, I was unable to co-ordinate movement of any kind.

I did not go out at all now. I had stopped going out a long time ago, ever since I had become sensitive to my "difference." I had retired into my own prison, unable to face the glances of people in the street. I didn't even play in the house with my brothers any more. Mostly, I would stay alone in my bedroom painting, or just sitting and staring into a day-dream world of my own, away and beyond everything that made up my ordinary life.

The Girl With Green Eyes

This puzzled my brothers at first, but slowly they began to accept the new kind of relationship that had come between us. I didn't become a stranger to the rest of the family, of course, because with so many of us—there were thirteen children in our family, all living together in the same house—that was impossible. But I had come to live more within myself. I lived *with* the others, but at the same time I lived *apart* from them. I was happy by myself, but I didn't know then how far I was from being self-sufficient.

And yet, withdrawn as I was from the ordinary life of a boy, the life of the Dublin streets and back alleys, I found that my heart was still miles ahead of my body in growth and development. I lost it again—good and truly this time. Another "dream-girl" had come into my vision.

She was not as tall and beautiful as my old one, Katriona Delahunt, the hospital student who had encouraged me to paint, but more my own age. She was called Jenny and she lived a few doors away from my house. She was small, energetic, gay, with a mass of brown curls framing her pretty elfin face with its lively green eyes and pouting lips. Unfortunately, Jenny was a coquette; she could start a riot

Christy Brown and Francis. "My younger brothers were good kids," he writes. "But they seemed to be in awe of their crippled brother"

among all the boys on our street by just using those lovely eyes of hers in the right way.

I didn't go out any more, but that didn't stop me from seeing Jenny. I worshipped her from afar, that is from my bedroom window. It made me lazy in my painting, for whenever I heard Jenny's voice in the street below I'd crawl over to the window and sit on the bed, gazing out at her as she ran and skipped about.

One day she looked up at me as I sat gazing down at her. I felt my face grow hot and made to draw back, but at that moment she smiled. I managed to smile back, and then she threw me a kiss. I could hardly believe my eyes when she did this, but she did it again before running away down the street, her dark curls flying and her white dress blowing in the wind.

Rendezvous With Jenny

That night I tore a page from an old jotter and, holding the pencil in my shaking toes, I wrote a passionate little note to Jenny, which I got one of my younger brothers to deliver, threatening him with my foot if he didn't give it to Jenny herself. I told her in the note that I thought she was the prettiest kid in our street and that I'd paint her lots of pictures if she'd let me. Then, in a hurried postscript, I told her that I loved her "lots and lots of times."

I waited for my brother to come back in excitement and fear, not daring to hope that Jenny would reply. In half an hour's time he returned—with a note from her tucked up his jersey! I took the note and read it eagerly, quite forgetful of my brother, who stood by staring at me in a funny way as if he thought I'd gone mad or something. I read Jenny's little letter over and over again, especially the part where she said she'd come and see me in my back yard the next day if I wanted her to.

I kept the appointment next day, all spruce and "done up," with Tony's de luxe hair grease actually dripping down my forehead. Little Jenny was very sweet. We sat and looked over some of my paintings, and she gave a little gasp of admiration at each one I showed her. I was shy and awkward at first because of my slurred "speech" and the way I used my foot instead of my hands. But Jenny was either a very innocent person or a very tactful one, for she didn't seem to notice anything queer about me, but talked gaily on about games and parties just as if I had been Peter or Paddy. I liked her for that.

We became great pals, Jenny and I. We never said a great deal to each other—my queer grunting "language" was intelligible only to my family—but we exchanged innumerable little notes each week and she'd steal over to see me every Saturday night. I was secretly proud that I, a cripple, had made friends with the prettiest and most sought-after girl in our neighbourhood. I often heard Peter saying fervently that Jenny was a "peach" and that he'd do anything to be her favourite "beau." Every time I heard this I felt very proud and vain, thinking myself quite a conqueror, because it was not I who went to Jenny, but Jenny who came to me!

Peter became suspicious and one Saturday he came upon Jenny and me as we sat together in the back yard, our heads very close to one another, although we were only looking at some old story book that Jenny had brought along. I got red in the face, but Jenny didn't move. She just lifted her head, smiled at my brother briefly, and bent over the book again. Peter gave me a murderous look and went into the house, banging the door after him.

That evening, before she left, Jenny sat very quietly, toying idly with the book, a little frown creasing her forehead and her lower lip pushed out, as she always looked when she wanted to say something difficult. After a little while she got up, hesitated, then suddenly knelt down on the grass beside me and kissed me very tenderly on the forehead. I drew back, surprised, bewildered, for she had never kissed me before.

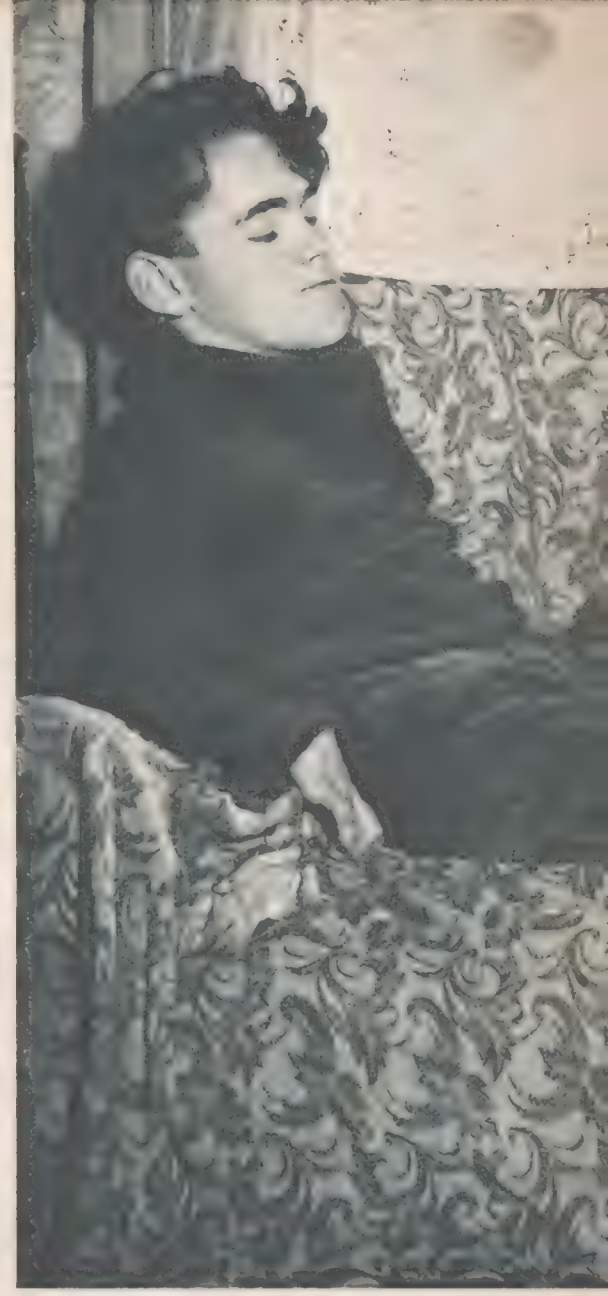
I opened my mouth to try to say something, but at that moment Jenny sprang to her feet, her face flushed and her eyes wet with tears, and rushed from the garden, her small black shoes clattering noisily as she ran down the stone path and disappeared into the street.

Penny For Every Kiss

She didn't come for weeks after this, and I didn't hear from her although I fairly bombarded her with notes. In the meantime Peter tried to discourage me by telling me many wicked tales about her, but I didn't believe him a bit, not even when he told me that she made every one of the boys pay her a penny for every kiss she gave them. "That's why I'm always broke!" he said mournfully, his hands stuck in his empty pockets.

My fourteenth birthday came along, and among the other birthday cards I got that morning there was one written in a small childish hand which was Jenny's: but still she never came to see me. I often saw her from my bedroom window playing in the streets below, but she kept her eyes away from my house and never looked up once. I'd sit at the window for hours, hoping she'd glance up at me, until the twilight came and everything grew dark and I could see nothing more save the dim whiteness of her frock as she ran along the street with

"On The Canal" by Christy Brown, painted with his left foot when he was sixteen. Painting was not just a pastime; it was an outlet for all the ideas that Christy could not express by speech



Patricia, Christie Brown's young niece, looks on adolescence, writing was his main interest. His

the other girls, while a laughing crowd of boys chased after them.

Then one day as I sat disconsolately in the back yard, I heard a step close by. I looked up wearily. It was Jenny. She stood a few feet away, at the entrance to the yard, her slim, childish figure outlined against the white wall behind her, vividly bright in the June sunshine, her shadow falling crookedly on the warm concrete ground. She was looking across at me, but—it was with a look of pity.

I knew then, as I came to know many times later, how bitter and crushing a simple look of pity can be to someone like myself, who needs something other than sympathy—the strength that only genuine human affection can give to the weakest heart.

I lowered my head under her pitying gaze and, without a word being said on either side, Jenny turned slowly and left me to myself in the yard.

The Make-believe Was Over

I became different after that. For a few blissful weeks I had allowed myself to dream that I was a normal, ordinary boy of fourteen who thought himself "in love" with the sweetest girl in the whole neighbourhood, and who was foolish enough and vain enough to think that she cared for him in return. Now all that make-believe was at an end, but the bitterest of all was the realization that I had tricked myself into believing that my affliction didn't matter, that my "queerness" was merely self-consciousness which nobody else took any notice of. I saw now what an ass I had been to fool myself so magnificently.

Life at home was changing, too. It seemed to me that everyone had grown up all of a sudden. It was a shock to realize that my brothers Jim

as he writes a story with his left foot. During the lonely years of his first stories were cowboy sagas, full of "gun-slinging men of action"

Christy was boyishly jealous when Katriona Delahunt married. "But as she left the church, she saw me and smiled. I had no resistance against that"

and Tony were now men. Lily was no longer the little dark-haired sister who had often wheeled me on a Sunday morning along the banks of the canal, putting pennies on my eyes to make me go to sleep. She had suddenly become a woman, engaged to be married.

Paddy was no longer a schoolboy in short trousers and catapult sticking out of his pocket, but an apprentice bricklayer who marched in proudly every Friday night with his pay packet and handed it with great pomposity to Mother. Mona had changed from a plump, fluffy haired little girl with fat cheeks and pudgy hands into a pretty young lady of seventeen with lipstick and powder and enormous high heels, who had a different "date" almost every night. Even Peter, who was a year younger than me, had changed; he had grown into long trousers, thus becoming a different person, a little more dignified and therefore a lot more inaccessible.

I seemed to have no link, no affinity at all with my younger brothers and sisters. They had their own childhood to live through and their own pals to make, just as I had once. They were good kids, but they seemed to be a little in awe of their crippled brother and perhaps unconsciously afraid of him at the same time.

Before I knew it my fifteenth birthday had come around. Mother managed to give a party. It was a gay turn-out and some of my old pals came along. Unknown to me, my sister Mona had invited Jenny to it, and she came. But she was not the small, freckled-face Jenny that I had known in our back yard romance, but a lovely sweet sixteen, a smiling young girl in a grey satin frock, her nails polished and her dark hair scented. I looked at her across the table and our eyes met. But whatever little resemblance she had to the old Jenny vanished the next moment, when she came over to me and took my hand without the least sign of hesitation or shyness.

"How are you, Christy—well?" she asked me in a half-frolicsome, half-placating way. "Yes, yes, that's good, don't excite yourself," she said soothingly as I strove to say something. I almost hated her for that.

After the little party was over and they had all gone, Mother asked me if I had enjoyed it. I told her I had. It was a lie, for my head was aching painfully. But worse than the headache, worse than anything else, was the terrible heartache I felt as I lay down to sleep that night.

Longed For Lost Childhood

I knew I was a child no longer, but neither was I "grown up." I was poised between the blissful ignorance of childhood and the awakening pain and frustration of adolescence. I longed to be ignorant and happy as before. But I knew childhood had gone. I had seen the hopelessness and futility of my future that day in the back yard when a child gazed on me with a look of pity in her eyes.

I could now no longer run away from myself, I had grown too big for that. In a thousand ways, large and small, as each day went by, as the family grew up one by one and became—to me—strange self-supporting adults, I saw and felt the limitations, the boredom, the terrible *narrowness* of my own existence. All around me were signs of activity, effort, growth. Everyone had something to do, interests, activities and aims to make their lives an integrated whole and give their energies a natural outlet. I had only my left foot.

Mother was always a tremendous well of inspiration. Speech was a strange, awkward thing with me, but I didn't need any words for Mother to know what was going on inside me. I believe she could almost read my thoughts. She knew I had growing pains, that I was feeling my own position in life more acutely as I got older, and she sought to soften the reality of it a little, to give me her own strength and spirit, if only by showing me that I wasn't alone, that she *knew*. She was more than a mother to me; she was a comrade in arms.

Katriona Delahunt was also a great help. To my adolescent mind she spoke of something so beautiful and elevated that I wondered sometimes if she was real, if she wasn't some lovely apparition that would suddenly vanish away. But I knew she was real when I heard her voice in my ears, when I saw the tints of light in her brown hair, and saw her eyes smiling when she looked at me as I sat painting one of my pictures to give to her. No, she wasn't one of my dreams, but a beautiful reality.

I went on painting my little water-colours, painting things I had often never seen, but only imagined, like landscapes of foreign places, village scenes, ships, and so on. But now even painting had changed. It couldn't satisfy me any more. I still *liked* it, but I had ceased to *love* it.

There was something in me, some new energy, some new need, that couldn't be expressed by just putting bright reds and yellows and sombre browns on to paper and working them into a pattern. I needed something else, some broader medium to speak through. Every day I became more desperate. I couldn't speak with my lips, and now I found I couldn't speak through painting either. I felt as if I was being slowly suffocated.

One day, in a fit of despair, frightened and

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A pair of innocents

by ***DUDLEY HOYS***

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HESELTINE

The coachman laughed; his friends laughed; within minutes the whole town was laughing. We could understand only that the joke was . . . us

IT REALLY IS ASTONISHING (said my elderly aunt) how girls go about on their own these days. A pair of them will dash off to Switzerland, or the Pyrenees, and clamber on the mountains, and nobody seems to wonder whether they might come to grief. Now, when I was young, things were different. So, so different. It was considered daring, almost fast, merely to wish for a Continental holiday. I never dreamed I should get the chance of one. You can imagine my delight, therefore, when an aunt of mine offered to pay for a fortnight in Austria.

At the time, I had just left school. Ellen, a cousin a little older than myself, was staying with us. She had blue eyes, a lot of fair hair, a slim figure, and a tendency to model herself on the heroine of the novel she happened to be reading. It could be a little puzzling, now and then, because one week you might find her trying to be mysterious and slightly sinister, and the next gracious and very spiritual. But she was quite a nice girl in herself.

One hot August afternoon my father's elder sister, Aunt Rachel, came to the house. She was tall and stout, healthily pale, with light blue eyes and a pleasantly masterful manner. Though her husband was English, his mother had been Austrian, and Aunt Rachel had several relations by marriage living out there. We had an enormous respect for her, as somebody well versed in the mysteries of foreign travel.

She gave us that neat, efficient smile of hers, and said to my mother: "Would these two care for a week or so in Innsbruck?"

Would we, indeed!

Aunt Rachel went on to explain. She was leaving in the middle of the month, and she would be glad to take us and pay all expenses.

Ellen's current heroine was calm, cool, somewhat aloof, but the news was so wonderful that for a few moments she clean forgot her rôle.

"Oh, Aunt Rachel!" she burst out, "how absolutely ripping!"

As for me, I wanted to dance. In fact, I believe I did dance.

"Mother, you will let us, won't you? Oh, we can, can't we?"

Mother agreed, and told Aunt Rachel it was more than generous of her, not only spending all that money, but accepting the responsibility of looking after two girls on foreign soil.

Aunt Rachel replied: "They will be no trouble at all," and her smile implied that nothing ever could go wrong while she was in charge. She told us we should be staying at a small but well-run boarding establishment known as the Braunhof, and gave us an idea of what clothes we ought to take out with us.

After she had gone, and I was still beside myself with excitement, Ellen said: "Lucy, must you behave like this?"

"I can't help it. I want to jump over the moon! Don't you?"

"My dear girl, can't you see that you're acting like a child? I'm enormously grateful to Aunt Rachel, and looking forward to things, but——"

"But, what?"

She said: "Do remember you're grown up. I don't ask you to be blasé, but at least try to be a little more self-possessed. Personally, I believe in a touch of the aloof in everything—especially when dealing with men."

That came as a shock. The idea of Ellen dealing with any men at all, and then being aloof with them, was a novelty.

Her hand went up to her hair, which was done in a kind of big, floppy basket, with a couple of pads at the back. She said with a suggestion of the languid: "Natural dignity is a woman's greatest asset. She should never be at loss in any situation."

She must have taken that one straight out of her novel, and meant to live up to it. In view of what happened in Austria, that was a pity.

WE reached Innsbruck late one evening, and were driven to the Braunhof in a sort of victoria. The pension stood in a quiet road, not entirely built up. In fact, at the beginning of the road was a vacant plot surrounded by a low wall, and altogether it was most peaceful.

The next day Aunt Rachel took us around the town. I loved it all, the mountains rearing up in the distance, the wonderful view through that great stone arch along the busy main road in the centre, the shops, and the carved woodwork, and the men's broad braces and decorated belts and leather shorts and gay little hats, and the girls with their smocked blouses and puffed sleeves.

After dinner in the evening, we sat in the drawing-room. There were several English people at the Braunhof, including a young man named Henry Warwick. I can see him now. He was tall and slender, brown-haired, with a wide but shapely and sensitive mouth, and he wore a collar three inches high. I expect he was about twenty-five. We learned from somebody staying there that he was with a branch of a British firm having interests in Austria.

Ellen was attracted to him immediately. She did her utmost to pretend otherwise, but I had known her long enough not to be deceived. I could see her concentrating on conveying the impression that she was at least twenty-one or twenty-two. Presently he got into conversation with us, and looked a great deal more at Ellen than at me. He was obviously drawn to her, and the harder he tried to rouse her interest, the more she pretended to be unaware of it. After

a while he sighed, and turned to me. "I suppose you've left school?"

I said, "Yes," and Ellen smiled at me with a kind of inward, benevolent amusement, as if her own schooldays lay regretfully far behind.

"And are you enjoying your stay in Austria?" he asked me, though his eyes were on Ellen.

I said: "It's spiffing!" before I could stop myself.

ELLEN at once made up for my juvenile outburst. "Innsbruck has a certain charm," she said. "A change from the sophistication of London."

"You're travelled a great deal, I expect?"

Luckily for her, Aunt Rachel was out of the room. She said casually: "We've been in France and Switzerland."

I wanted to gasp at this, but, as she pointed out later, it was true. We had passed through those countries on our way to Innsbruck.

Mr. Warwick nodded. "Fascinating countries. I wish I knew them better. I spent only a year in France, and eighteen months in Switzerland."

I was beginning to feel uneasy, and his next remark made me hold my breath, for fear of what Ellen's answer would be.

"I'm sure," he said, "you must be a polished linguist."

We had done a little French at school. (Where is the pen of my aunt?) Here in Innsbruck we hadn't a word of the language, and without Aunt Rachel we should have been helpless.

Ellen made a slight gesture she had cultivated, part of what she called her poise. "The people here seem to have a local intonation."

"Ah, you've noticed that? Yes. You speak the lingo fluently?"

"Not theirs."

"Quite—it's an unholy patois. Still, you'll have no difficulty in understanding them." He sighed once more. "I'm almost sorry."

"Sorry?" I blurted out. "Whatever for?"

He tapped his fingers on his knee and considered the carpet. "Well," he began, and tried again. "Well, otherwise, I might have ventured to hope that you might let me act as an interpreter on your sightseeing here."

He glanced sideways at Ellen, and all she said, with faintly bored politeness, was: "Might you?"

We spent at least an hour chatting with Mr. Warwick. Ellen was having a lovely time in the guise of her current heroine. She might have been the wife of an ambassador entertaining

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The coachman took a glance at her note, and at once a broad grin started to creep right across his face

Jim Wicks cossets his boxers with an iron fist

by NORMAN PHILLIPS

As tough as the boys he nurses to stardom, he teaches them the art of living as well as ringcraft. His word is law: no untidiness, no long hair and no loud ties

Jake Tuli, Empire flyweight champion, trains under Wicks's fatherly eye. Tuli started a dress revolution when he visited South Africa

BOOING BROKE OUT in King's Hall at Belle Vue, Manchester, when the referee raised Johnny Butterworth's hand as winner over British lightweight champion Joe Lucy. Policemen came running to protect the official from the hostile crowd.

While spectators hooted and jeered, the calmest man in the arena was Lucy's manager, Jim Wicks. Instead of joining the hullabaloo or uttering the traditional managerial cry, "We was robbed!" Wicks raised a hand to his bald head, as if in pain, and walked quickly to the dressing-rooms. With fatherly concern, he watched a doctor stitch a cut over Lucy's eye.

In the noisy, controversial world of boxing, Wicks is distinguished by his calmness and paternalism. In return for this benign guidance, three of his stable of boxers won titles in 1952 and earned fifty-nine year old Wicks the sports writers' award as boxing's best manager of the year.

Known as the "Eltham Barber" because of his vanishing blond hair and because he lives at Eltham, London, Wicks is a powerful, sixteen-stone man with a deceptive manner. Pale blue eyes in a freckled face make him appear gentle, yet once, when he was angered by a ruffian in a London hotel, Wicks seized the man, shook him and left him hanging on a coat rack.

This underlying toughness allows Wicks to run his stable as a combined boxing academy and school of deportment. He not only expects his fighters to perform well in the ring, he also sets standards for their dress and behaviour outside. Loud ties, long hair or any sign of untidiness earn his boxers as severe a reprimand as does a poor display against an opponent.

He Makes Them Dress Neatly

"I like to see a boy in a well-cut suit and with a nice bit of money in the bank," Wicks said recently. A neat dresser who has his shirts and underwear made to measure, he has little trouble in getting his boxers to emulate his appearance. One of them, Jake Tuli, the twenty-three year old British Empire flyweight champion, went home to South Africa and started a dress revolution there.

Tuli, a Zulu, and his South African fans were followers of the zoot suit fashion until he met Wicks. Tuli returned to Johannesburg wearing the style that Wicks preferred. His admirers soon picked up the fashion.

Wicks took Tuli under his wing a little more than two years ago. Since then Tuli has won

After helping Tuli to find a house, Wicks arranged for his wife, Peggy, and two children, Veronica and John, to come to Britain

Wicks watches Alex Buxton (right) and a sparring partner. "Mr. Wicks has an uncanny knowledge of what your opponent will do," says Buxton

his Empire title, and by next spring Wicks expects him to be battling for the world championship. Almost equally important in Wicks's eyes is the fact that Tuli has become a neighbour at Eltham, living in a house that Wicks helped to find.

Defending boxing in an argument with a friend, Wicks cited Tuli, his bank account and his Eltham home as an example of how the sport could help a young man. "Where would Tuli be without boxing?" Wicks asked. "He'd be just another boy in Johannesburg."

Saw A Potential Champion

Equally pertinent is the question as to where Tuli would be without Wicks. The first time he saw Tuli in a ring, Wicks was sure that he had a potential champion and made plans to capture a title.

The one that he chose was the Empire flyweight championship, then held by Teddy Gardner, a veteran fighter from West Hartlepool, who was also British and European title holder. Wicks offered to let Tuli meet Gardner for the comparatively modest fee of £200.

"My man is young and inexperienced," Wicks said truthfully. "He has never fought in this country and he's had only half a dozen professional fights in his life."

On the grounds that it would add interest, Wicks persuaded Gardner to stake his Empire title on the outcome of the match. In the twelfth round, Tuli put Gardner down for counts of nine and eight. The referee stopped the fight and Tuli became Empire flyweight champion.

As Empire champion, Tuli now earns handsome sums for endorsing commercial products as well as bigger fees for fighting. When Wicks took him to the Philippines recently, his share in the proceeds was £2,000 plus expenses.

If one of his boxers suffers a bad cut in a fight, Wicks keeps him out of the ring for several months. More often than not, an injured boxer wants to fight again before Wicks will let him. Withholding permission affects the manager's income—twenty-five per cent of a boxer's earnings after expenses—but Wicks never lets this affect his judgment.

One member of the stable suffered a detached retina. Wicks saw that the man obtained the best medical care. When he recovered, a specialist said it was unlikely that the trouble would recur.

The boxer took the doctor's opinion as approval for his plans to fight again. Wicks said no: it would be foolish to take the slightest chance of new injury. After a long discussion he persuaded the man to retire from the ring.

If a boxer fails to respect Wicks's discipline, the manager can give him back his contract. Wicks made this offer to Alex Buxton, the cruiserweight champion. A happy-go-lucky piano mover from Watford, Herts, Buxton invests his money in a way that Wicks does not agree with.

When Wicks suggested that he should find another manager, Buxton pleaded to remain. "Mr. Wicks has an uncanny knowledge of what the other guy will do," Buxton says. (The manager is always *Mr.* Wicks to his boxers.) "Even if he hasn't seen your opponent fight, he can tell you what is going to happen."

Last August Wicks arranged for Buxton to go to Milan for a contest with the Italian middleweight champion, Bruno Tripodi. Because he had to be in Manchester with Lucy, Wicks could not accompany Buxton, but he gave him a "blue print" of how to handle the fight. Following Wicks's instructions, Buxton forced Tripodi to retire in the ninth round and earned one of the few verdicts that British boxers have been able to bring home recently from Italy.

Born in Bermondsey, London, Wicks prefers not to travel far from home. Even Manchester is included in his definition of foreign territory. "Water's not good there," Wicks declares. "There's only one place in Manchester to get drinking water and I know where it is." The special water was in Lucy's bottle when he entered the ring. Wicks accompanied Lucy through the ropes and patted his back in a fatherly way all through the final preparations for the fight.

Wicks's benevolent discipline contrasts with his own youth in Bermondsey. "We were all young hooligans trying to be tough."

A teacher at Wicks's school once received a gift of several pairs of boots for needy pupils and asked those with unemployed fathers to raise their hands. "Every boy in the room put up his hand," Wicks recalls. "All our parents were out of work."

Two youth centres were opened to absorb some of the Bermondsey hooligans' energy. A Father Herlihy taught young Wicks the rudiments of boxing. Later, Wicks thought of making it his career and had three professional fights.

"He wasn't much of a boxer," says seventy year old Billy Doherty, who knew him then.

He Tore Up A £500 Cheque

Wicks later made a successful re-entry into professional boxing as a matchmaker. In this rôle he imposed the biggest weight forfeit in the history of the sport, a £500 penalty on the late Marcel Cerdan. Wicks made Cerdan agree to pay this amount if he entered the ring overweight for a fight with Dick Turpin. Cerdan failed to make the weight and paid the £500.

On another occasion, Wicks agreed to act as matchmaker for the late Jack Cappell, a boxing promoter. Their first venture was a failure and when Cappell handed him his fee of £500, Wicks tore up the cheque. "You lost money yourself," said Wicks. "Why should you pay me?"

A strong paternal urge to guide his own boxers took Wicks into managing. Not long ago, after watching one newcomer of more than usual ability sparring in his gymnasium in the Old Kent Road, Wicks was sure that he had another prospective champion. "He's a good little fighter," he confided to a friend. "There's only one thing wrong with him—he's got a horrible taste in ties."

THE END

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

DESTINATION UNKNOWN

by AGATHA CHRISTIE

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

So this was the end of her journey—a scientists' paradise! Yet Hilary had no illusions. She was a spy, and she knew what happened to spies . . .

SO MANY STEPS TO DEATH, thought Hilary Craven, as she walked down the long corridor. Useless, now, to keep up the pretence of being Mrs. Olive Betterton—her "husband" would know she was a spy. Ironically, now her suicide mission was ending, she wanted to live. . . .

Hilary had been on the point of suicide in Casablanca when a British agent named Jessop had asked her to masquerade as Olive Betterton. A broken marriage and the death of her child had made life a nightmare—Jessop's plan had seemed a useful way of ending things.

Olive Betterton—ostensibly on a Moroccan holiday—had been fatally injured in a plane crash. Jessop had been following her, hoping she would lead him to her husband, an atomic scientist who had vanished without trace.

In hospital, before she died, she had murmured, "Boris—dangerous"—Boris Glydr, said Jessop, was a cousin of Betterton's first wife.

Accepted by the "other side" as the real Mrs. Betterton, Hilary had gone first to Fez, then, on instructions, booked to Marrakesh. But the plane did not go to Marrakesh. It landed in the desert, and Hilary found that her fellow travellers were—"fellow travellers."

They were an assorted bunch of idealists, all escaping from the "bad old world." Only one of them—a pleasant young American research chemist called Andy Peters—seemed normal.

When the passengers had left the plane, Hilary was shocked to see fresh "passengers" being installed—corpses! Then the plane was set on fire. As far as the world was concerned, Hilary and her companions were dead.

Three days later they arrived at a large modern building at the foot of a mountain. Part of it, she saw with horror, was a leper colony. But she had no time to study her surroundings. Her "husband" would be waiting for her. . . .

Dr. Van Heidem, her guide, stopped and opened a door. "Ah, Betterton," he said. "Here we are at last—your wife."

So this was it, Hilary thought. She could only try to bluff now, a poor, hopeless bluff.

PART FOUR

The Secret Colony

A MAN stood half-turned from the window, an almost startlingly good-looking man. She noted that, recognizing his fair handsomeness with a feeling almost of surprise. He wasn't, somehow, her idea of Betterton. Surely, the

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Hilary stared at the tall Norwegian, a terrible suspicion growing in her mind. "I suppose he *is* Ericsson," she whispered, "not someone else?"

Betterton held her as she swayed dizzily. Van Heidem moved gently towards the door. "I will leave you now," he said. "You will like to be alone"

photograph of him that she had been shown wasn't in the least. . . .

It was that confused feeling of surprise that decided her. She would go all out for her first desperate expedient.

She made a quick movement forward, then drew back. Her voice rang out, startled, dismayed:

"But—that isn't Tom. That isn't my husband!"

It was well done, she felt it herself. Her eyes met Van Heidem's in bewildered questioning.

And then Tom Betterton laughed. A quiet, amused, almost triumphant laugh.

"Pretty good, eh, Van Heidem," he said, "if even my own wife doesn't know me?"

With four quick steps he had crossed to her and gathered her tightly into his arms.

"Olive, darling. Of course you know me. I'm Tom all right even if I haven't got quite the same face as I used to have."

With his face pressed against hers, his lips by her ear, she caught the faint whispered addition: *"Play up. For God's sake. Danger."*

He released her for a moment, caught her to him again.

"Darling! It seems years—years and years. But you're here at last!"

She could feel the warning pressure of his fingers below her shoulder blades, admonishing her, giving their urgent message. Only after a moment or two did he release her, push her a little from him and look into her face.

"I still can't quite believe it," he said with an excited little laugh. "Still, you know it's me now, don't you?" His eyes, burning into hers, still held that message of warning.

She didn't understand it—couldn't understand it. But it was a miracle from Heaven and she rallied to play her part.

"Tom!" she said, and there was a catch in her voice that her listening ears approved. "Oh, Tom—but what——"

"Plastic surgery! Hertz of Vienna is here. And he's a living marvel. Don't say you regret my old crushed nose."

He kissed her again, lightly, easily this time, then turned to the watching Van Heidem with a slight apologetic laugh. "Forgive the transports, Van," he said.

"But naturally, naturally——" the Dutchman smiled benevolently.

"It's been so long," said Hilary, "and I——" she swayed a little. "I—feel rather dizzy."

Protectively, Tom Betterton put an arm round Hilary to support her. "Poor darling, you're all in. That frightful journey. And the plane accident. My God, what an escape!"

So there was full communication. They knew all about the plane crash. "It's left me terribly woolly-headed," said Hilary, with an apologetic little laugh. "I forget things and get muddled up, and have awful headaches. And then, finding you looking like a total stranger. I'm a bit of a mess, darling. I hope I won't be a bother to you."

"You a bother? Never. You'll just have to take it easy for a bit, that's all. There's all the time in the world here."

Van Heidem moved gently towards the door.

"I will leave you now," he said. "After a little you will bring your wife to the Registry, Betterton? For the moment you will like to be alone."

He went out, shutting the door behind him. Immediately, Betterton dropped on his knees by Hilary and buried his face on her shoulder.

"Darling, darling," he said.

And once again she felt that warning pressure of the fingers. The whisper, so faint as hardly to be heard, was urgent and insistent. "Keep it up. There might be a microphone—one never knows."

She had placed both hands on his shoulders and now, coolly and calmly, she appraised what she saw. A nervous, good-looking man of thirty-odd who was badly frightened, a man nearly at the end of his tether, a man who had, presumably, come here full of high hopes and had been reduced—to this.

She rallied her memories of the lessons she had

Continued on page 36

Cecil Coombes (centre) inspects gold leaf work on an eleven-foot clock dial for a Burmese monastery. One great clock was so strong that it withstood an explosion

High in a tower, behind the face of a giant clock, Coombes out at any time, day or night, if a clock goes wrong. Once,

The clock doctor gives time a helping hand

by JACK ATACK

In towers and musty belfrys, Cecil Coombes keeps giant clocks going. He muffled one for a king and made another run backwards

AFTER CLIMBING THROUGH a hatch into the clock tower of an old church in Devonshire eighteen months ago, Cecil Coombes was stepping over debris to reach the clock mechanism when a rotten floorboard gave way and his foot shot through. As he felt himself falling, he grasped the bell frame and clung to it.

"It was a close call," he says. "The beam of my torch picked out a sheer forty-foot drop on to a flagstone floor below me."

Steel nerves and a head for heights are qualities often called for in Coombes's job as a specialist in tower clocks. His work is not always carried out in ideal conditions. In the ten years that he has spent repairing clocks in church, town hall and university towers, he has found himself dodging pigeons and bats, hanging on to tower ledges in gales, and stumbling over bell frames in dark, musty belfrys.

When he was called to a village school in Hampshire where the clock had stopped, Coombes did not take long to discover the trouble. He had no sooner opened the hatch to let himself into the belfry than he heard a low humming and saw several small objects darting at him. Slamming the hatch shut, he scrambled down the ladder and found a local bee-keeper. Later, he discovered honeycombs embedded in the clock's mechanism and streams of thick honey gluing up the works.

A bespectacled, quiet-spoken man of thirty-nine, Cecil Coombes is known by friends and colleagues as a clock doctor. His jobs have taken him to all parts of England, Scotland and Ireland, as well as to Canada and the United States; he has repaired more than five hundred clocks since he first packed his black bag of spanners, screwdrivers, files and scrapers. As head of the clock department at one of Britain's largest clockmaking firms, Coombes advises on the manufacture and installation of clocks and inspects those that go wrong. .

Not long ago, the vicar of a church in Kent complained that his clock had stopped. Inspecting the mechanism, Coombes discovered a bird's nest jammed in it. He cleaned out the clock and set the pendulum swinging again, but a few weeks later he was called back.

"The same thing had happened," he says. "This time I advised the vicar to wire up the louvers to stop the pigeons getting in. They are notoriously obstinate birds, and don't seem to mind the ticking or chiming at all."

Birds Rested On The Hands

Faults are not always so rapidly detected, however. When the clock at St. Martin-in-the-Fields Church, London, kept losing, then gaining, the mechanism was inspected. Nothing was found wrong, and for a long time the mystery remained unsolved. Then an observer, watching from below, discovered the trouble.

"Pigeons were resting on the hands of the clock as they approached a horizontal position," says Coombes. "Consequently, at a quarter past the hour the clock would run fast, and at a quarter to the hour it would run slow."

Before a clock—which may cost from £100 to £10,000—is installed, local conditions must be taken into account, or there may be trouble later on. When Coombes was called to inspect the tower clock of a university in Nova Scotia two years ago, he was surprised by the damage he found. The hands had been twisted and cracked, and hung precariously from the dial centre. He discovered that the wind was being deflected off one side of the octagonal turret and was creating eddy currents around the dial, sucking the hands out. Specially reinforced hands had to be made to withstand the conditions.

"Normally," says Coombes, "tower clocks are exceptionally strong, despite their delicate motion work, and have been known to stand up to unexpected tests." When a ship exploded

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

checks part of the mechanism. He can be called he had to climb a 150-foot tower in an icy gale

in Montreal Harbour several years ago, the impact blew chunks of concrete off a nearby tower—but the clock ticked on, unaffected. "When I inspected it years later, it was still working perfectly."

Three years ago, Coombes was called to see the trail of wreckage left by an overwound clock at Croydon Town Hall. After the cable had snapped, twenty-one weights, weighing more than half a ton, had plunged down their shaft, torn a hole in one floor and crashed 120 feet to the library vestibule.

Coombes set to work, carefully reconstructing the accident in his mind. "As far as I could make out," he says, "the winding motor had not been stopped in time. The weights hit the pulley at the top and the cable snapped. Ordinarily the weights would have fallen to a pile of brick rubble at the bottom of the shaft and no one would have been hurt. But they hit an obstruction and broke through the thin outer casing. I advised the authorities to install an automatic winding system."

When he inspects towers where clocks are to be installed, Coombes first makes sure that they can stand the additional weight. Where parapets are crumbling, special scaffolding may have to be rigged up, and flint walls that break away during installation have to be rebuilt.

Tower clocks have to be inspected regularly and examined immediately if they go wrong. Because of this, Coombes has often been called out at night and during holidays. Once, he had to climb to the top of a 150-foot tower in an icy gale. "It was so cold," he says, "that I had to come down every fifteen minutes and warm myself in front of a fire."

Coombes is not always successful in detecting the causes of breakdowns. At a church in Hampstead, London, he dismantled the gearing, bevel work and hands but could not locate the trouble. Finally, he took out the whole clock, had it carried to the factory, where it was tested, and re-installed it—at a cost of more than £200. "We never found out what the trouble was."

At least fifty per cent of Coombes's clients are clergymen. Other customers include town clerks, borough engineers and architects, and landowners. "Some customers regard their clock as the finest pieces of craftsmanship in existence and take a breakdown as a personal injury."

Coombes has been asked to doctor clocks in more unusual ways. A client in Chile asked for a special plastic clock face, explaining that every time there was a riot, his tower clock was smashed by angry demonstrators. The most unusual request came from a customer in Bond Street, London. "He wanted a clock that would run backwards so that he could attract passers-by. We made it."

Ticking Disturbed George VI

As well as supplying the usual type of tower clocks, Coombes has installed special makes that tell the direction of the wind, light up to show the hour, or have figures that step out of a panel and strike the hours. His firm, Gillett and Johnston, of Croydon, Surrey, has supplied more than 14,000 tower clocks for buildings in all parts of the world.

Besides a thorough knowledge of clocks, Coombes must have a grasp of general engineering and acoustics. Several years ago, the late King George VI was disturbed by the ticking of the clock in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, and asked for it to be silenced or taken out. By mounting the works on a lead-backed plate, special block insulators and lead-line fixings, Coombes managed to muffle the tick.

By now, he is used to his clients' neighbours complaining about loud ticking and chiming that keep them awake. "Although a night silencer can be fitted," he says, "I usually advise them to let their clock carry on. People soon get used to it." Once he had a letter from a former complainant after a nearby clock had been dismantled for inspection. The man claimed that he was not able to sleep because of the absence of ticking.

In repairing and installing clocks, Coombes and his staff run a certain risk because of the heights at which they work. To reglaze a clock front at Lambeth Town Hall, London, in 1946, one mechanic had to stand on a wooden box on a narrow tower ledge to reach the dial. Coombes recalls that a gust of wind whipped the box from under him and left him hanging on to the framework of the dial—seventy feet above the ground. "He managed to pull himself up to an opening in the dial and crawl through to the belfry."

New Chime For Queen Salote

In his job, Coombes combines an eye for detail with an inclination for experiments. When he was asked to supply chimes for a clock in Queen Salote's Palace at Tonga, he decided to try something new. Borrowing recordings of Tonga folk songs, he set to work to adapt one for chiming. He selected the melody that could most easily be divided into three parts, and produced a chime which played the full melody just before the hour, and parts of it at the quarters and on the half-hour.

"Chimes are an important part of many tower clocks and often come in usefully—in an unexpected way," he says. He was working late with a colleague on one church clock when the lights went out and the large timber doors of the church slammed shut below. Going down to investigate, he was just in time to see the verger disappearing round a corner. Hurriedly, he raced back to the belfry and, with his colleague, called out to attract the verger's attention.

"He couldn't hear us," Coombes says, "and it was getting dark. There was only one thing to do. We set in action the independent chime-playing apparatus attached to the clock.

"Attracted by the chimes at a time when they should have been silent, the vicar came to find out what had gone wrong. We were playing 'Rescue The Perishing.'" THE END

Coombes inspects Croydon Town Hall clock. When examining a school clock, he was attacked by bees whose honey had gummed up the mechanism

The firm for which Coombes works makes bells in addition to tower clocks. Trapped in a belfry one evening, he rang the bells for help

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'MR. BRITAIN' OF NEW ORLEANS

Continued from page 15

were amalgamated with the diplomatic service and today Francis ranks as counsellor.

Although his basic salary of a little over £1,800 a year is augmented by a local allowance, an entertainment allowance and an allowance for educating his children in England, he pays British income tax and lives modestly with his wife in a residential suburb of New Orleans. His two boys, Martin and Charles, aged fifteen and eleven, are at school at Winchester.

Stationed in a dollar area, Francis is less troubled than most consuls by foot-loose Britons whose urge to travel is stronger than their funds. "In some places, especially on the Riviera, one gets stranded people asking for money or the fare home. But with currency restrictions, they're usually not able to get the dollars to get this far."

Illegal Dollar Trip

A rare exception was a wealthy New Zealand sheep farmer who, tired of waiting for a sea passage home from London, illegally acquired a small cache of dollars, went by ship to Canada and made his way overland to New Orleans, which has an occasional passenger service to New Zealand.

Rex Farrar, the vice-consul who dealt with the case, tells how the New Zealander paid for his passage with the few dollars he had. "He then came to us and asked us to look after him."

Farrar rang up the nearest New Zealand consulate, in New York, and asked for instructions. "They told us to pay him as little as possible—just enough to keep him alive." For the few days before his ship was due to sail, the man lived in cheap lodgings and ate at cafeterias. The British Consulate charged the New Zealand Consulate for the money spent and the New Zealand Government eventually recovered it from the sheep farmer.

A large proportion of the Britons who ask Francis for personal help are war-brides whose marriages have failed to work out. "A girl doesn't always know her prospective husband's background," he points out. "A French-speaking backwoodsman from the Louisiana swamp country may cut a fine dash in uniform, but he may live in a shack without running water. Conditions are also primitive in parts of Tennessee."

When trouble arises, Francis finds out the facts of the case and tries to reconcile the partners. If he is convinced that the case is hopeless, he can provide, at reasonable cost, the legal advice for a divorce.

Back To Britain

One Scottish war-bride had a husband who regularly drank between thirty and forty cans of beer a day. Rex Farrar explained the circumstances to the judge of a local court, who said that if the woman applied for a judicial separation he would grant her the custody of the three children.

"When this has been done," says Farrar, "we're arranging for her to go back to Britain."

Like all consuls assigned to international ports, Francis has numerous responsibilities under the Merchant Shipping Act of 1894. If a British ship stays in the port more than forty-eight hours, its articles must be deposited at the consulate. No captain may discharge a man in that port without the consul's sanction. If a death has occurred at sea since the ship last touched land, the consul must hold a preliminary inquiry into the cause. No captain of a British ship may sign on a crew member abroad except in the presence of the British consul.

"The only ship for which we regularly sign on crew members," says Farrar, "is a banana boat which runs between New Orleans and Honduras. The captain was born a Norwegian and is now a naturalized American, and the crew is of various nationalities. The ship hasn't touched a British port in twenty years. But it's registered in Jamaica, and counts as British."

When a British sailor is discharged sick in New Orleans, Farrar is responsible for collecting his wages from the ship's agent and paying his hospital fees and, later, his maintenance out of them. He then tries to find the sailor a job in a British ship calling at New Orleans.

"Provided there's a vacancy in his trade," says Farrar, "he has to take it, whether the ship's going home or across the Pacific to Japan." If there is no vacancy, Farrar arranges to have him shipped home as a Distressed British Seaman. He lives with the crew but draws no pay. Later, he has to pay back to the Ministry of Transport the cost of his passage.

Farrar is also responsible for the sailor who accidentally or deliberately misses his ship. As soon as he reports to the consulate, Farrar sends him to the American immigration authorities, who decide on the merits of the case whether to jail him as an illegal immigrant or allow him to live in a seaman's home under Farrar's supervision. In either case, Farrar arranges for him to leave the country as quickly as possible, either by having him flown to rejoin his ship at the next port, finding him a job in another ship, or sending him home.

Besides aiding stranded seamen, Farrar conducts much of the routine business of the consulate. He registers permanent British residents, sends records of British births to Somerset House, issues passports and visas and even supplies application forms for people who want licences to import cats and dogs into the United Kingdom.

Ballerina Problem

Under the Young Persons Act, he had to make sure that a visiting seventeen-year-old Sadler's Wells ballerina was in good health. When an Australian was suing her American husband for divorce in Australia, Farrar had to witness a deposition by the husband which was later admitted in evidence.

Another department of Francis's organization is the trade section under Charles Arning and his assistant, Allan Brookes. Arning's full-time job is to stimulate American interest in British products and to help British business men to sell their products in American markets. When British business men visit his area, Arning can usually introduce them to likely contacts. Every day, his office deals with a stream of inquiries from Americans who want British goods and from British firms wanting to do business in his area.

Recently, a tourist agent asked Arning if he could help him to import from England a one-horse stagecoach for driving sightseers round the French Quarter.

"We explained that an English stagecoach had four horses and wouldn't even get through the narrow streets of the Quarter," says Arning. "But we put him in touch with an English coach-maker, who has made him an offer."

Pelican Ambassador

One of the consulate's neatest public relations coups came when the famous St. James's Park pelicans, Peter and Paul, died two years ago. Recalling that the state emblem of Louisiana was a pelican, Francis wrote to the newspapers, suggesting that Louisiana might send two pelicans in replacement. "Before anything could be done," he says, "Texas jumped in, appointed a Pelican Ambassador, and flew him to London with four brown pelicans."

Francis immediately wrote to London, warning that, after his semi-official approach, it would be an insult to Louisiana if the Texas birds were accepted. "Meanwhile, I concocted a story that we wanted white pelicans."

Four white Louisiana pelicans were sent, and Francis gave them an official send-off.

The incident was reported as far away as Cape Town and even merited a fourth leader in *The Times*. "It also made people think about the relations between the two countries," says Francis.

THE END

"Time for lunch or not, we insist that you add the word GROW!"

MY LEFT FOOT

Continued from page 19

bewildered by all I felt, I crawled up the stairs and into my bedroom, and bolted the door. Then I got pencil and paper out of my box, sat down on the bed and began to write. I had decided to "do away with myself" that day by throwing myself from the bedroom window into the concrete yard below. But first I was going to write a "confession," a sort of last will and testament to leave behind me.

I picked up the pencil grandly and began: "To whom it may concern—knowing nobody is concerned. . . ."

That was a splendid opening phrase, I thought. I went on and finished the note, folded it neatly and left it on the pillow. Then I crawled nearer the window, opened it with my left foot and looked out.

Twelve-foot Drop

I hadn't thought the house was so high before; the ground seemed a thousand feet below the level of the window, though it was actually only about twelve feet. It was a cold day and there was a strong wind blowing. I felt it rush against my face as I looked out. I could hardly breathe.

I put out one leg. Then I thought of the way Peter and I used to play as children with our toy soldiers in the back garden in the summer evenings, stalking each other warily among the tall grass. . . . Now I braced myself manfully and put out my other leg. Now, for no reason, I recalled the Christmas when Father had played Santa Claus, and how he had fallen over Paddy's boots in the dark and started to sing "Kathleen Mavourneen" as he lay on the floor with all the toys around him. . . .

I took a deep breath and pulled myself upwards so that now I was actually sitting on the window with my feet dangling in space. I shut my eyes . . . it would be an awful big drop, but I was going to do it; nothing could stop me now. Then I thought of Katriona Delahunt. . . . I got down from the window and began to cry like a baby.

The months passed. Lily had married, so too had Tony, after a whirlwind romance. Jim was the next to join the married ranks, and I suspected Paddy was courting from the way he tried to lecture Peter on how to go about the difficult business of getting girl friends, though Peter, sticking out his chest, would tell Paddy that he could give *him* a few practical hints.

Peter soon left school and went to work as bricklayer, apprenticed to Jim. Father was quite determined that all his sons should become bricklayers like himself, not stopping even to find out if they had thought of taking up any other occupation. So far he had succeeded, for Jim, Tony, Paddy and Peter were now all bricklayers, earning good money.

"He'd make the best bricklayer of the lot of you," Father would say, pointing at me in front of the others. "You'd be earning five pounds a week now, Chris, building houses, a pair of dungarees on you and a good steel trowel in your hand." I hated bricklaying because I couldn't lay bricks.

After a while a new feeling sprang up within me—a horrible feeling. I began to be not merely miserable and gloomy, but also resentful. I resented the world as a whole because of my crooked mouth, twisted hands and useless limbs. I looked about at all that was normal and perfect around me, and asked myself for the hundredth time why was I made different, why should I have been given the same feelings, the same needs and sensitivities as other people along with a practically functionless body that not only denied me the right to live a normal life, but also made me sick at the very sight of myself?

What had I to look forward to? What prospect had I of being anything else other than the cripple who painted with his toes? People always thought it was a marvellous thing that I could paint with my toes and told me I was lucky, yes, quite a remarkable boy.

But I didn't want to be remarkable—I only wanted to be ordinary, like everyone else. I used my foot simply because I couldn't use my hands, but it did not make me feel proud or unique. In fact, I never used my left foot in the presence of anybody I didn't know very well, because it made me feel rather silly and awkward. I always felt like a performing seal.

Then, suddenly, one day I had an idea. I had always been fond of writing letters, mostly of course to Katriona Delahunt. I still remember writing her little epistles that were mostly concerned with horses and descriptions of Mother's new baby. But now I decided to try something more ambitious, not just letters, but stories. The idea grew and grew till it invaded my whole mind.

Jumble Of Words

The sudden inspiration to try to write came to me as I lay on my bed one wintry day, holding a bit of straw between my toes and making idle designs with it on the rain-washed window. Immediately I got a sixpenny jotter and set to work.

I hardly knew what I was doing. I just sat there, writing down whatever came into my head. It was a crazy jumble of words, sentences and paragraphs that hadn't the least relation to one another. It was just like mixing my paints and letting them all run into one mass of colour. I played with words like a child fascinated by a new toy, writing them down on to the paper and then looking at them in a sort of wonder.

From then on writing became my only real interest. Just as the paintbrush used to be my sceptre, so now a

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Yes! Cats and kittens really *need* the complete nourishment that Kit-E-Kat provides. There are several meals of this ready-to-serve food in every tin — packed full of the fish and meat that all cats love, *and only 9d.*

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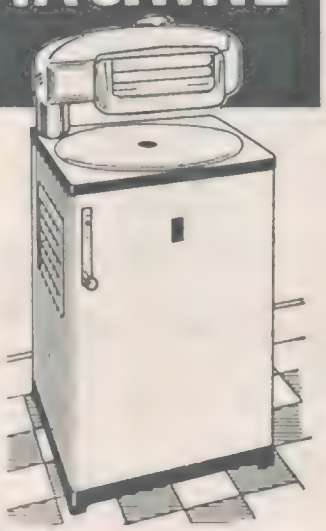

You actually look forward to washday when you've got an electric washing machine. No more Monday Tiredness or Monday Bends! In with the wash, on with the switch, off with the worries. The machine does all the hard work: you just happily look on.

The washing machine washes well. You've never seen whites so white, colours so bright; never known such a fresh, clean smell. Also, the machine is very gentle. It gives your clothes the kindest wash they ever had.

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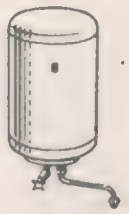
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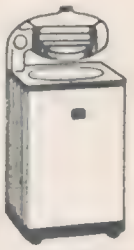
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pencil was seldom out of my foot. I wrote stories about the American Wild West, mostly based on memories of my childhood days at the "pictures." The characters in them were tobacco-chewing, gun-slinging men of action, who rode all day and drank all night, and girls with streamlined figures and roving eyes who never seemed to do anything except kick up their legs and drink gin.

Often I'd start a story with about twenty characters in it, but halfway through I'd become confused and wouldn't know what to do with them all, so I'd let them all be shot in turn till only two of the main ones were left. My jotter often became a graveyard.

Wishful Thinking

Then I started to be sentimental and wrote wistful little tales based on a "boy-meets-girl" theme. These were dreamy and full of wishful thinking, and although I enjoyed the actual writing of them, they always left me sad and on edge afterwards, when I remembered that though I might imagine such things vividly enough to write about them I would never experience them myself in real life.

I even attempted to write detective "thrillers" in which bullets and dead bodies abounded. Any time I felt really depressed I'd pick up my pencil and write morbid descriptions of decomposing corpses being found in cellars and attics, or of screams ringing out suddenly in the dead of night in damp old country mansions.

I don't think I was happy, even now, but at least I was occupied. I had found a way to deaden the monotony of every day. But always, whatever I did, wherever I turned, I felt lonely and restless. As my mind developed it grew more conscious of my body, till the knowledge of its disabilities was enough to give me an almost physical sense of pain.

My emotional life had already begun to emerge. What had been mere childish whims were now growing, adolescent needs. What had been mere petulance before was now real melancholy. I wanted friends, unsympathetic people of my own age to go about with. It didn't mean that because I was a cripple and didn't go out that I hadn't the need for the things that made up the everyday lives of other fellows: football, dances, beer parties and girls.

Then the final calamity happened. One day when Katriona Delahunt came to visit me, I saw something sparkle brightly on her finger as she placed her hand on the back of a chair that stood in a shaft of sunlight. It was a diamond engagement ring.

At The Wedding

I just stared and stared. A few minutes later she held out her hand with a blush and showed Mother the ring, asking her if she liked it. After Mother had congratulated her she turned and showed it to me. I grunted and turned my head away.

"Don't make a sour face," she said to me with one of her special smiles. "I'll still come to see you after I'm married."

She was married some months later on a fine June morning in the University Church. I was brought down by Mother in my wheelchair. There was a large crowd of her friends present, but as she and her husband came out of the church she saw me and a bright smile lit up her darling face. I had no resistance against that.

She was now Katriona Delahunt no longer, but Mrs. Maguire, a very nice name, but it was a long time before I could get used to it. I met Mr. Maguire. He was kind, but I was very jealous.

Time passed, and life at home went on changing. It seemed as if there were now two families in the house, the brothers and sisters I had grown up with, and the ones that came after us. We formed the "older" family, they the "younger" one.

But even when I was in the midst of my great family I felt outside of them, an "odd-man-out." I seemed every day to be drifting farther and farther beyond the orbit of their lives.

I remember one night when I got up from the sofa where I had been lying and managed to make my way out into the back garden. I was hot and wanted a little air. I crawled over and sat down under a tree.

It was summer and the air was filled with the scent of flowers. I could hear the least sound, from the twittering and movement of birds in the branches above me to the honking of car horns in the distance. The moonlight made a pattern on the ground in front of me through the waving branches of the stunted old tree I was sitting under.

It was a beautiful night, calm, gentle, yet alive. The moonlight made everything seem all silver. I almost imagined I heard the noise of the stars as they glimmered in the dark sky. I sat, letting all the calm and peace of the night soak into me. I seemed to be lost in a moonlit dream, away from all the things that made my everyday world such a hell to live in. For a moment I was happy. Then I remembered. The future yawned like a black pit before me. I felt trapped and chained.

What was I, I asked myself as I sat there? Just one of God's practical jokes! I longed terribly to be free; I longed passionately to break loose and escape. . . .

His Secret Hope

One day Mrs. Maguire came to me and said, "Christy, what about your going to Lourdes?"

All my life I'd heard people talk of it and I felt a strong wish to go there, partly for the adventure of travelling and partly because, in spite of my lack of interest in religion, I had the hope deep down inside me which I hardly dared express even to myself that a miracle might happen to me.

"Yes," I said. "But . . . what about the money?"

We told Mother about it when she came home from shopping and she was delighted. Then we started to make plans. The trip would cost £34. The people organizing the pilgrimage, called the Lourdes Committee, helped me out by giving £10 towards the fare: the

WHO'S WHO?

They look alike, but their lives have been very different. From the jumbled details below, can you provide each woman with her potted biography—and her name? The answers will be found at the foot of page 32.

BORN:

A. Fifty-seven years ago in Boone, Iowa, U.S.A., daughter of a rich meat packer.

B. Forty-seven years ago in Soho, London, the daughter of a coster-monger.

FIRST JOB:

C. Dancing in London's West End at ten years of age.

D. An army housewife.

HAS SAID:

E. "London girls are too fond of applying the lipstick, and painting their faces in ghastly colours."

F. "My husband is really a great man. I'm thankful for the privilege of tagging along by his side."

FAMOUS FOR:

G. Her 1925 "bangs" which set a fashion in hair styles last year.

H. Her twenty-year fight against ill health to stay at the top of her profession.

"Of course, you'd experience a much more heavenly feeling of relief every time you took this pair off"

next day Mother touched my very old aunt for a "fiver." That was as far as we could go.

"Well," said Mrs. Maguire, "I'll get the rest somehow. I'll invite round all my friends and make them play bridge for something tremendous, like five shillings a hundred, and see that they all lose and send you to Lourdes with the proceeds." She smiled her enchanting smile, and I knew it would be all right. It was.

For hours before I left I was very jittery. This was my first trip abroad, and worse still I would be travelling alone—or rather without anyone I knew. The thought terrified me. Would the people understand me? How would I get my meals? How would I be dressed and washed and put to bed? I still had to be fed, dressed and washed, and Father looked after all my natural functions. I was nearly helpless—except for my left foot.

Mother saw me off at the airport with Mrs. Maguire and her husband, who drove me out there. We had to start off at 3 a.m. I was put on a stretcher and lifted into the plane by two sturdy ambulance men. As I wasn't exactly a stretcher case, I was put on a seat next to a window, much to my joy. Soon we were flying out over the Irish Sea.

Now I looked at my fellow pilgrims for the first time. On the seat next to me sat a girl of nineteen, her bright auburn hair framing a pretty face, though one lined with pain. She was smiling with her eyes even though her legs and spine were paralysed. She had had infantile paralysis from the age of ten and had never walked since.

She Longed To Dance

We became friendly, and she told me her name was Máire and that she came from Co. Wicklow. She talked about books and films and the sister who always went to dances. "I'd love to go to a dance, too, some time," she said, staring dreamily out of the window.

I thought she seemed happy in spite of everything. But later I heard her sigh wearily and saw her pass a hand across her forehead as if in a gesture of pain. "Please God," she said, "I'll walk again some day. And *then* I'll go to my first dance." She died at Lourdes two days later.

Then there was a little chap from Kerry—Danny somebody—who'd lost the use of both legs as well as his right hand a few weeks before. All he could talk about was the cow he used to milk on the farm. We all made fun of him, because he talked with a country brogue, but it didn't bother him, and he went on talking about Nellie, his cow, and how he would milk her again when he got better.

There was the elderly woman in the corner with palsied hands and misshapen feet who prayed all the time. There was the strong young man with a tanned face who was stone blind. There was the smiling little girl, deaf and dumb, clutching her big doll tightly. In front of me squatted Tommy, cheerful, with a pleasant voice. He hadn't any arms or legs.

So Much Suffering

As I saw all those people each with his or her own suffering, a new light began to dawn upon me. I was rather bewildered. I had not imagined there could be so much suffering. I had been rather like a snail shut away in his own narrow little shell and that was only now beginning to see the great crowded world that lay beyond.

Not only were all those people afflicted, but, to my surprise, their handicaps were actually worse than my own. Up to then I had not thought that was possible. I felt as if I had been blind all along and that only now was I seeing with my eyes and really feeling with my heart the plight of others whose burdens were so great as to make mine seem nothing in comparison.

At last our plane touched down at Tarbes aerodrome and we were in France. We were taken off the plane and were placed in an open-air ambulance which took us through long winding roads to the convent at Lourdes where we were to stay during our seven days' pilgrimage.

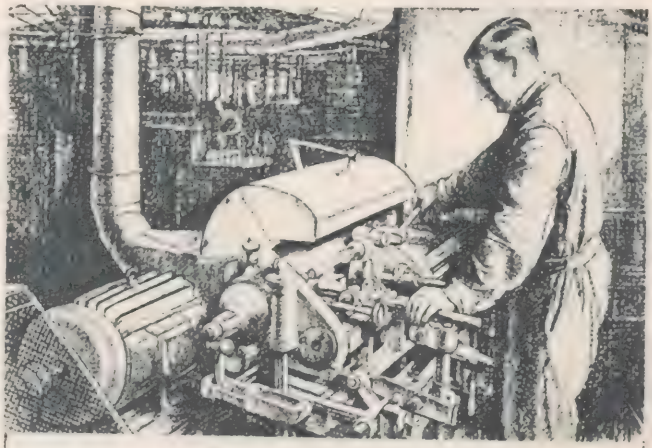
We were put into chairs and wheeled into the convent. It was now almost noon and outside the sun was blazing down fiercely from a cloudless sky. But in the ward everything was cool and bright. Dinner came soon. A young nurse fed me with a spoon, and I was too hungry to feel any embarrassment.

Next morning we were brought down to the famous Healing Baths, where already there were big crowds of various nationalities assembled, all waiting to touch the wonderful waters of the underground spring over which the modern baths were built.

As I waited my turn, I looked about me. There must have been close on three hundred people gathered in the small forecourt of the low concrete building which housed the baths. Nearly three-quarters of them were in wheelchairs like myself. Some could not sit upright and were forced to lie on their backs the whole time. Others were deprived of whole limbs, while a number went about on crutches, hobbling from place to place with difficulty.

I saw them all—legless, armless, sightless, some looking like living

'ENGLISH ELECTRIC'



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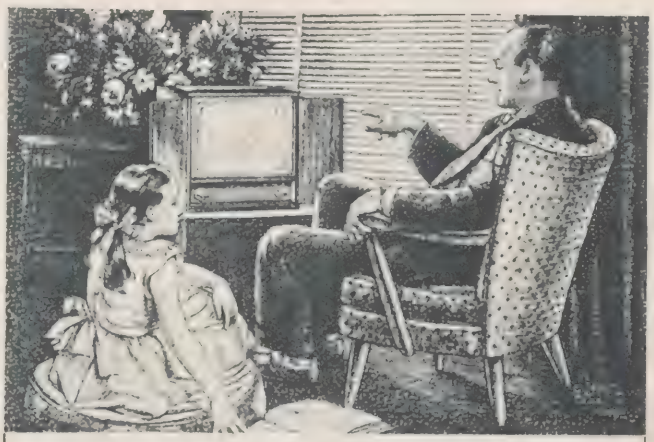

In your own house, how much besides the furniture is better, or better value, because electricity helped in its making! Carpets, curtains and linen, glass and steel and silver—ENGLISH ELECTRIC equipment is at work in almost every trade. The driving current, indeed the very warmth and light in your home, may come from ENGLISH ELECTRIC generating sets at the power station. And your cooker, refrigerator, washing machine, tumbler dryer for clothes, or television set, may well be a product of this same Company.

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"Never a cold in 11 years -thanks to Bovril"

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MEET the Moynihans. See how well they look. Illness never troubles them. Because Mrs. Moynihan has built up their resistance with Bovril. "Early to bed. Fresh air. Good food—and that means Bovril" is the prescription her grandmother gave her for a healthy family.

Arthur made a splash *when he was 4 trying to revive herrings in a static water tank. Lucky there was hot Bovril to revive him!*

Four's fun! No flagging spirits in this family. There's Arthur, still full of mischief at 14. Margaret, 11, who's never been ill. Daniel who's just won a top-of-the-class prize. And little Catherine. There's no holding these youngsters when hot Bovril's about!

Part-time work as well! Even with this bouncing family to look after, Mrs. Moynihan manages to work part-time in a restaurant. But she's always grateful for the energy a cup of Bovril gives.

We're jolly well taking daily BOVRIL

Naturally, Mother!

Mothers nowadays know better than to 'dose' children just as a matter of habit—the days of Castor Oil are gone. The modern trend is to rely on nature—with its health-giving fruit and vegetables.
That is why—when that little extra help is sometimes needed—wise Mothers naturally turn to 'California Syrup of Figs'.
Here is a purely vegetable laxative, free from synthetic drugs. Its action, gentle yet effective, can be relied upon completely, and you may be sure that it's absolutely safe. Next time your child is off-colour, fretful, bilious, or shows other signs of being constipated, give pleasant-tasting 'California Syrup of Figs'.

'California Syrup of Figs' REG'D

ALSO BRANDED 'CALIFIG' FOR SHORT

ARCTIC HUNTER

Dr. Joseph Moody tells of his amazing escapes from death when filming the vicious walruses, polar bears and seals of the Arctic. This thrilling sequel to "Arctic Doctor," a recent John Bull supplement, appears

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

corpses as they lay under the newly risen sun. It was like the Court of Miracles in Victor Hugo's novel. Among them all I felt very small and insignificant.

Now it was my turn to go in to be bathed. I was wheeled in, put sitting on a wooden bench and stripped naked by two Frenchmen. All the cubicles in the building were of marble, the "bath" being a deep, square cavity hewn out of the floor itself, with steps leading down to the water. On the wall opposite hung a simple wooden crucifix with prayers inscribed in Latin beneath it.

Kissed The Cross

I was lifted gently by each arm, carried down the steps and then lowered into the water slowly. I gasped as I felt the cold water go over my head. I was raised up quickly, and one of the men asked me in broken English if I wanted to go in again. I nodded, and they lowered me in once more. I heard the two men above me recite prayers in French. They lifted me out and one of them held a small cross to my lips for me to kiss.

It may have been pure fancy, I don't know, but after I had got out of that water I felt as if I was reborn; it was like stepping out from a tomb into the light of day.

That afternoon I saw the Grotto for the first time. When I arrived I could see nothing but a multitude of people kneeling before it with bowed heads. But everything was well organized and a way was made for the wheelchairs so as to place them near the Shrine.

Soon I was at the altar rails along with the others. I timidly lifted my eyes up and gazed on the marble statue of the tall, beautiful Lady in the blue robe, with the little peasant girl kneeling before her, her hands clasped in ecstasy. From her niche hewn out of the solid wall of rock, Mary gazed serenely down on the vast gathering of her children who now knelt at her feet and gave her their sorrows as well as their love.

I prayed and I prayed that I might be cured.

Torchlight Procession

That night I took part in a torchlight procession through the little town. I shall not easily forget the scene.

From seven in the evening till about eight, thousands had gathered in the Rosary Square, and as dusk descended and shrouded the surrounding hills in a veil of mist, thousands of wax tapers were lit and the procession from the Basilica to the Shrine began, led by the principal Church dignitaries of the countries taking part in the pilgrimage. The entire façade of the beautiful basilica was illuminated, sparkling vividly against the black velvet of the night sky.

As we wended our way through the little town on the road to the Grotto, the crowd lifted their voices and sang "Ave Maria." The notes rose and fell on the soft night air and echoed back from the nearby hills. Thousands more lined the route, all holding lighted candles, flickering in the gentle breeze.

In contrast, the Grotto itself was in darkness, save for a single candle on the marble altar. The crowd, still singing, knelt in a semicircle round the Shrine, the flames from their candles lighting up the scene and sparkling on the crown of pearls circling the Virgin's head.

It was the most beautiful moment of my life.

Home. . . . The family was glad to see me after my week's absence. I, too, was glad to see all the old faces again. France was beautiful; Dublin was home.

I was still feeling rather dazed after all the excitement of my pilgrimage. For the past week I had forgotten myself amid the things I'd seen and the people I'd met. But at home it was different. Here everyone was well and ordinary—except me.

After a few days Lourdes became just a memory, and when the magic had worn off I became aware of myself again, aware of the emptiness and boredom of my life. I felt as if I was getting back into an old coat again.

Everything was the same. I wanted something to live for, and there was nothing. I wanted my life to have a purpose, a value, but there was none. I remembered Lourdes and the people I had met on the way to the Grotto, and again I tried to be like them—patient, cheerful, resigned to their suffering, knowing the reward that awaited them in the next world. But it was no use. I was too human.

There was too much of the man in me and not enough of the humble servant who submits willingly to his master's will. I wanted to see and to know more of this world before I thought about the next. In spite of the wonder and beauty of Lourdes I was still very much the boy who hadn't yet learned to be meek.

Words Couldn't Comfort

Mother saw that I was disappointed and that, more and more, I was thinking and brooding about the things that "might-have-been" in my life. Though we still understood one another, she couldn't try to comfort me with words now or laugh away my little moods of sadness. Even between us two, Mother and I, there seemed to be a barrier, a new kind of glass wall that wouldn't let us reach one another.

One Thursday evening, about seven or eight days after my return from Lourdes, I was sitting at my window gazing gloomily out into the gathering autumn dusk. In the kitchen behind me I could hear the sausages frizzling in the pan as Mother got the dinner ready, with all the children chattering around her. Mona stood before the mirror, painting her lips and powdering her nose, preparing for a dance as usual, while Peter, looking very pleased with himself, polished his shoes vigorously and gave me an enormous wink, a sure sign that he had a "date" on.

Suddenly, from out of the corner of my eye, I saw the headlights of a car piercing the deepening twilight as it came round the bend in the road opposite. It disappeared behind some bushes but in a second came in sight again and stopped outside our door. A

WHO'S WHO?

B C E H are the clues on page 30 which help to identify the woman on the left as Jessie Matthews, dancer, singer and actress.

A D F G identify the woman on the right as Mamie Eisenhower, wife of the U.S. President.

MILK CHOCOLATE
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10 kinds of Chocolates and Sweets

~ every one a gem !

MILK CHOCOLATE
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TRIPLE CROWN
a delightful full-bodied,
velvety port,
produced by GILBEY'S
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19/- *a bottle*
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	per bottle
WHITE PORT - -	19/-
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Also in half-flasks.

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Now you can enjoy
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No more 'make-do' now that Libby's is more plentiful, for Libby's is the corned beef, quality famous for over 85 years, with a really rich, satisfying flavour all its own. It provides a meal in a moment that's just full of goodness too. Use Libby's for your Beef Puddings and Stews. It is also delicious sliced cold—with your hot vegetables, with green salads or in sandwiches.

Keep a tin handy

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man stepped out, paused to peer uncertainly at the number of the house, then, apparently satisfied, opened the front gate and came up the steps.

Hearing a knock, Mother went to the door to answer. I heard her speaking to someone at the hall door, and a moment later she came back into the kitchen with the strange man.

"This is Christy," she told him.

I looked up at him as he stood before me, smiling down at me. I saw he was a well-built man with grey-green eyes, eyes that, while they looked at me, seemed at the same time to look *into* me.

The Stranger's Message

He sat down on a chair close by and told me he was a doctor who had seen me before as a baby, and later at a film-show organized for some charity where he'd seen me on the back of my brother. Somehow he hadn't forgotten me, and had started to look for me a few days ago.

Then he got up, paced up and down thoughtfully for a few moments, and finally sat down on the edge of the table. He began to speak.

"Christy," he said in a deep, pleasant voice, "there is a new treatment for cerebral palsy—the thing that is wrong with you. I believe you can be cured, but only if you are willing to try hard enough with us. I can't help you if you don't try to help yourself. You must *want* to get better before anything can be done for you." Then he leaned forward, his eyes steady on me. "Will you try if I help?" he asked me.

Will I try! I thought.

I couldn't speak, so I couldn't answer him. I could only stare. But he must have read the message in my eyes, for he stood up, satisfied, put his arm round my shoulders and said: "Right! We'll start tomorrow."

He said he would send out one of his assistants the next day to examine me and devise a special line of treatment for me, as the method was to treat each patient individually rather than in the mass. I would be treated at home, as they hadn't as yet formed a special clinic of their own.

He stood up to go, but just as he was going out of the door he paused and turned round. "By the way," he said to me with a slow smile, "my name's Dr. Collis. I'll be seeing you soon." With that he left.

As the door closed upon him, I turned and looked at the faces around me. They were all lit up with happiness and excitement. Father was so overjoyed that his hand trembled as he poured me a cup of tea. Mona had forgotten all about her dance and was smiling at me while she absently tore her powder-puff to shreds. Peter, good old Peter, put two spoonfuls of salt instead of sugar into his tea.

But it was at Mother that I looked most of all. Like myself, she didn't easily show what she was feeling at any time, but there was a quiet air of joy about her, a subdued glow of happiness in her face that meant more to me than if she had thrown her arms about my neck and wept with thanksgiving.

And I—what did I feel at that moment of my life, the moment I had so longed for and dreamed about ever since I had begun to feel and dream? For a while I didn't feel or think of anything. All my senses were numbed and my brain dizzy. I couldn't grasp, I couldn't believe the idea that I was to be cured at last. It staggered me.

I listened to all the others talking excitedly around me at the tea-table in a sort of dream trance. I sipped my tea absently each time Father lifted the cup to my lips and ate my bread without tasting it.

A Beautiful Miracle

It was later, as I sat round the fire with Mother and Father when the rest had gone out to enjoy themselves, that I started to think about the news, and only then did the reality of it come to my mind. I don't think I was excited in the ordinary way about it as the rest of the family had been—I just wondered at the strangeness and the queer beauty of it all.

I had gone to Lourdes joyful and full of hope—almost of confidence, I'm afraid. A week later I had come home, a little shaken and maybe a little wiser, but very disappointed. Everything had seemed just as it was before. Then, even while I was still thinking bitterly about it that very day, a doctor had suddenly come in and told me that I could be cured!

In a very few words he had changed the pattern of my whole life; he had given me something on which to fasten my thoughts and aspirations, something to live for, work for and fight for at the moment when I was sure that there was nothing but empty and fruitless years before me.

It may have been mere chance, mere coincidence, but to me, and because of all it meant and brought to me later, it then seemed, and has seemed since, nothing less than a miracle—a beautiful little miracle, not because of all the good it brought me, but because it created faith where before there had been only bitterness and disillusion.

That night, before I went to sleep, I prayed a prayer of thankfulness—and repentance for having doubted.

NEXT WEEK: My left foot and I agree to "part company"

THE NIGHT OF THE CADBORDSAURUS

Continued from page 12

have planted an iron in him last spring tide had my gun not exploded."

The admiral slid his oars soundlessly through the rowlocks. "Tonight, Crozier, if our luck holds, we shall make history as the first men to fetch an authentic sea serpent ashore."

Colonel Crozier knelt by the gun. He did not believe in sea serpents—no sane man could—but an indubitable monster fed and frolicked out there, something vast enough to throw waves the size of a steamer's wake. He forced his mind into a state of suspension, while Admiral Howlett dipped his oars and the boat stole out of the moonlight into the fog bank.

The mist closed round and over them. When he turned his head, Colonel Crozier could distinguish his companion only dimly, muffled and monkishly cowled in his watch coat.

The admiral's whisper seemed disembodied, eerie. "Trajectory should be flat to forty feet. Put you close as I dare, old chap. Then it's your show."

The melancholy sigh rolled in upon them again, deep as a low note from an organ, and now alarmingly near. The fog was fraying, thinning to a wash of silver and mother-of-pearl as the moon struck through. Dead ahead, the waters humped. A rounded bulk parted the surface. Fog wraiths swirled over it, diffused and watery moonbeams burnished it. Another hump rose, and, glistening-slick astern of it, still others.

BETWEEN fog and rum and sheer amazement, Colonel Crozier was not entirely sure then or later what he saw sprawled upon the glassy strait. He had a confused sense of coil beyond coil, of a neck maned with eel grass of the undersea, a cask-sized camelesque head that lifted and quested. He knew only that the boat had lost its forward way, and that, although his throat was dry, his hands were steady.

Behind him, the admiral's whisper cracked with fierce urgency, "Now."

Colonel Crozier elevated the gun barrel till the harpoon head centred on the nearest, fattest coil, and tweaked the lanyard.

Gaseous flame spurted from breech and muzzle. Thunder split the night. He did not see the harpoon in flight, but as the gun hopped from its shattered swivel to catch him in the midriff, he heard, like an echo of the explosion, a dull thud. He staggered against the admiral's back, hurling him from the rowing thwart. They rolled on the bottom stretcher, while a short thirty feet away the sea erupted as if a tide boil had burst suddenly there.

The boat leaped forward. Peering across the thwart, Colonel Crozier saw the bow decking peel from the frames as a kink in the stiff manilla fouled the exit eye. Line melted off the coil. Another, more savage yank; then they were flying through the night as if to the pull of a silent, powerful motor.

Kelp bulbs flashed past. The colonel swallowed hard. The creature was towing them at shocking speed towards the mouth of the strait. Admiral Howlett's hood had fallen from his head. He thumped the colonel between the shoulders, removing what breath the gun's recoil had left him.

"He's ours! Pegged fast with two hundred fathom of sound new warp! We've only to wear him out!"

The monster continued to forge through the mist. By the angle of the line, it must be swimming on or near the surface.

"Suppose," Colonel Crozier said, "suppose, Howlett, this—this thing decided to dive? Goes deeper than your twelve hundred feet of line?"

The admiral gave him a blank stare. "Bless my soul! Must confess that possibility never occurred to me."

"A pity," Colonel Crozier told him grimly, "since I believe he's diving now."

Their bow wave subsided. The slant of the line steepened to the vertical. The bow dipped towards water level while the straining line threw off spray. Even with their combined weight aft, the stern continued to rise.

Colonel Crozier groped for the pruning knife in his pocket, but the sea was rushing in upon them. Then boat and line and monster were gone. They bobbed alone in the strait.

Colonel Crozier freed his throat of salt water. "I say, Howlett!" he hailed. "Are you all right?"

He received a cough and a grunt for answer. "Right enough. Been a fool, old chap; a copper-riveted fool. Should have had our line secured to a keg."

They drifted with the ebb, while a tide wind woke to disperse the fog, and the cold of the icy strait bit steadily deeper. Colonel Crozier remembered the flashlight in his hip pocket, found it still functional, and directed its beam into the sky.

Out of a long, numb silence, Admiral Howlett said dreamily: "Been reviewing my past life, for what it's worth. One gains a certain clarity at such times as this. Find myself wishing I'd taken a leaf from your book. D'you know what I see before my inward eye? French beans. Cabbage, asparagus. Row upon row of carrots and turnips. And pumpkins, Crozier; great round yellow pumpkins. Give a packet to be snug in that tidy garden of yours at this minute!"

"I wouldn't!" Jarred from the lethal trance into which the cold was numbing him, Colonel Crozier spoke with dour vehemence. "Dammit, Howlett, I'd sooner drown!"

Anaesthetized by ice water, they paddled side by side. It could have been minutes or an hour later when the colonel caught Admiral Howlett's drowsy mumble: "Flash your torch, old chap. Believe I hear a motor."

The sound drew nearer, creeping towards them from the direction of Washington State. They shouted—a guarded voice answered—and the dark hull of Lady Wortham's powerboat eased out of the night.

Her Ladyship, in rubber boots and turtle-neck jersey, loomed above them.

"I take it ye pinked him, Howlett," she remarked as she heaved the admiral into the cockpit. "He passed me at thirty knots, only missed ramming me by a hair." She reached down to grip Colonel Crozier by his shirt and haul him inboard. "That demned sea serpent is a menace to navigation. I've twice reported it to the Department of Transport, but d'ye think those timeservers will take action?"

She kicked the engine out of neutral, fetched blankets from the cabin, and, while they purred homewards, clawhammered the lid from a case.

"I expect ye could do with a peg," she told them. "Let the medicos prate, but there's nothing like rum to ward off a chill."

THE sun was well over the yardarm of Admiral Howlett's flagpole when Colonel Crozier stepped out to his patio next morning. Below in the garden, the admiral sat on the garden seat, bathed by autumn sunshine, the smoke of Three Vicars curling from his pipe. Thoughtfully and a trifle creakily, Colonel Crozier walked down to him.

"Howlett," he said, "I accept your myth. You have my apology. But we must regard it rather as a fortuitous diversion than as our salvation. A man needs something he can tie to, as the colonials say, and one can't tie to a sea serpent. I believe, however, that I've found a mutually satisfactory answer."

"Be glad to hear it," the admiral told him amiably.

"Simply this. I propose that we trade."

"Say that again, old boy?"

"That we trade. That you exchange your motorboat and fishing gear for my garden and filthy gardening implements. Done?"

"Done!" cried the admiral, and extended his hand. "If you'll excuse me, I shall get to work at once."

A salmon leaped shining from ruffled blue water outside the kelp beds. Colonel Crozier lit his pipe and sauntered down towards the cove, an itch in his rod hand, and in his soul a vast content.

THE END

How **do** *they keep it up?*

Susan and Simon see to it that mother never has a dull moment. And from time to time mother says there's nothing she'd like *better* than a few dull moments . . . but deep down she knows she'd be alarmed if she got them. Lively children are healthy children, and so she does her best to give them the kind of meals that make the children even more lively. And she takes good care that the bread they eat is Hovis.

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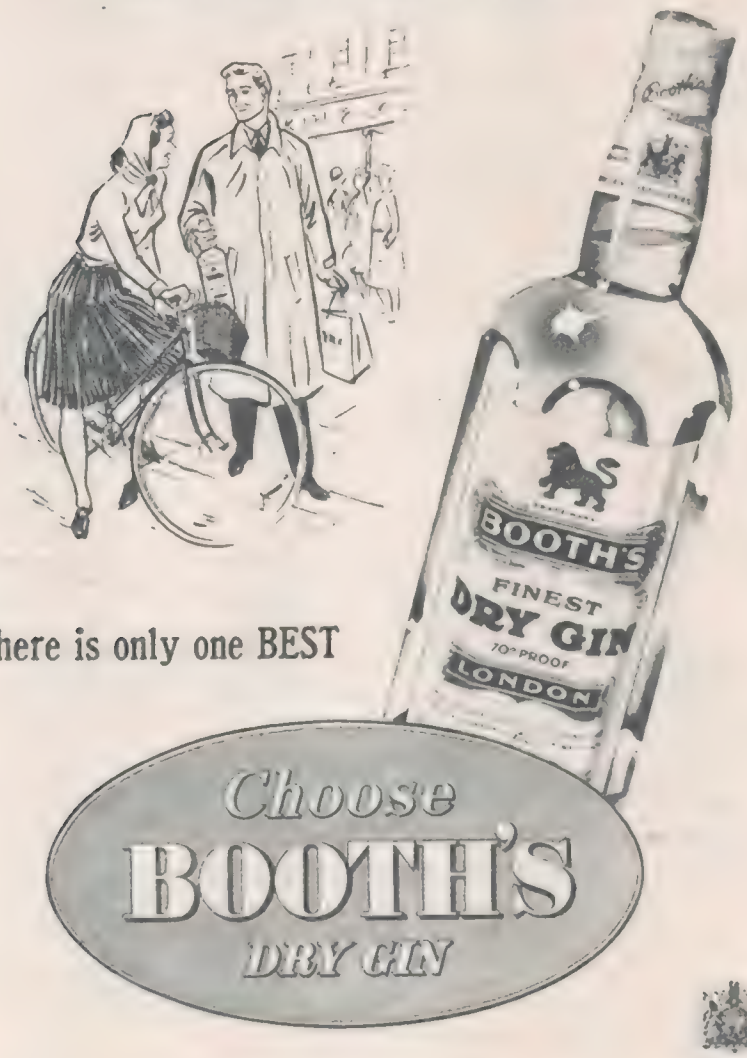

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DESTINATION UNKNOWN

Continued from page 25

studied so assiduously. "It seems ages since Firbank," she said. "Whiskers—you remember Whiskers? She had kittens—just after you went away. There are so many things, silly everyday little things, you don't even know about."

"I know. It's breaking with an old life and beginning a new one."

"And—it's all right here? You're happy?" A necessary wifely question that any wife would ask.

"It's wonderful." Tom Betterton squared his shoulders, threw his head back. Unhappy, frightened eyes looked out of a smiling, confident face. "Every facility. No expense spared. Perfect conditions to get on with the job. And the organization! It's unbelievable."

"But the lepers? Is it really a leper colony?"

"Oh, yes. Perfectly genuine. There's a team of medicos doing very fine work in research on the subject. But it's quite self-contained. It needn't worry you. It's just—clever camouflage."

He kissed her again, a curious, apparently tender and even passionate kiss that was actually cold as ice, murmured very low in her ear: "Keep it up," and said aloud: "And now, come down to the Registry."

The Registry was presided over by a woman who looked like a strict nursery governess. She motioned Hilary to a chair, opened a drawer beside her and took out a sheaf of forms.

Tom Betterton said rather awkwardly: "Well then, Olive, I'll leave you."

HE went out, shutting the door behind him. The Robot, for as such Hilary thought of her, started to write. "Now then," she said, in a businesslike way. "Full name, please. Age. Where born. Father's and mother's names. Any serious illnesses. . . ."

Hilary was glad now of the careful priming she had received from Jessop. She had mastered it all so well that the responses came automatically.

The Robot said finally, as she made the last entry: "Well, that seems to be all for this department. Now we'll hand you over to Doctor Schwartz for medical examination."

Dr. Schwartz was fair and amiable and female. She gave Hilary a meticulous physical examination and then said:

"So! That is finished. Now you go to Dr. Rubec."

"Who is Dr. Rubec?" Hilary asked. "Another doctor?"

"Dr. Rubec is a psychologist."

"A psychologist——"

"Now please don't get upset, Mrs. Betterton. You're not going to have treatment of any kind. It's simply a question of an intelligence test and of your type-group personality."

Dr. Rubec was a tall, melancholy Swiss of about forty years of age. He greeted Hilary, glanced at the card that had been passed on to him by Dr. Schwartz and nodded his head approvingly.

"Your health is good, I am glad to see," he said. "You have had concussion following an aeroplane crash recently, I understand. Do you still get headaches?"

"Yes. Very bad headaches. And I get muddled up every now and then and can't remember things."

Hilary felt it well to continually stress this particular point. Dr. Rubec nodded soothingly and began his tests.

"We have not many wives here," he remarked. "Very few are permitted. One finds them, on the whole, refreshingly free from the brainstorms of their husbands and their husband's colleagues."

"What do wives do here?" asked Hilary. She added apologetically: "You see, it's all so new to me. I don't understand anything yet."

"Naturally not. Naturally. That is bound to be the case. There are hobbies, recreations, amusements, instructional courses. A wide field. You will find it, I hope, an agreeable life."

"And where do I go next?" asked Hilary, as the psychologist rose and

shook her courteously and formally by the hand.

"Mademoiselle La Roche will take you to the dress department. The result, I am sure—" he bowed "—will be admirable."

After the severe, robot-like females she had met so far, Hilary was agreeably surprised by Mademoiselle La Roche. Mademoiselle La Roche had been a *vendeuse* in one of the Paris houses of *haute couture* and her manner was thrillingly feminine.

She took a few rapid measurements and led Hilary into a big apartment with built-in cupboards. There were clothes here of every description, made of good material and excellent cut and in a large variety of sizes. When Hilary had selected a few essentials, they passed on to the cosmetics department, where she made a selection of powders, creams and various other toilet accessories. All these proceedings seemed to Hilary more and more like a dream.

"And we shall have the pleasure of seeing you again shortly, I hope," said Mademoiselle La Roche, gracefully. "It will be a great pleasure, madame, to assist you to select from our models. *Entre nous*, my work is sometimes disappointing. These scientific ladies often take very little interest in *la toilette*."

MISS JENNSEN, the thin, dark, spectacled girl who had met the party on arrival, now entered the fashion salon. "If you have finished here, Mrs. Betterton," she said, "perhaps you will come and see the Deputy Director."

Hilary said au revoir to Mademoiselle La Roche and followed the earnest Miss Jennsen.

The Deputy Director, it transpired, was a Doctor Nielson. "He is in charge of administration," Miss Jennsen told her. "He always has an interview with everyone when they arrive."

Admission to Dr. Nielson was through two antechambers where stenographers were working. Hilary and her guide were finally admitted into the inner sanctum where Dr. Nielson rose from behind a large executive's desk. He was a big, florid man with an urbane manner.

"Ah!" he said, rising and coming forward to shake Hilary by the hand. "This is—yes—let me see—yes, Mrs. Betterton. Delighted to welcome you here, Mrs. Betterton. We hope you'll be very happy with us."

"Thank you, Dr. Nielson."

Hilary sat down in the chair he drew forward for her.

"Any questions you want to ask me?" Dr. Nielson leaned forward over his desk in an encouraging manner.

Hilary laughed a little. "So many that I don't know where to begin."

"Quite, quite. I understand that. If you'll take my advice—this is just advice, you know, nothing more—I

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shouldn't ask anything. Just adapt yourself and see what comes. That's the best way, believe me."

"I feel I know so little," said Hilary. "It's all so—so very unexpected."

"Yes. Most people think that. The general idea seems to have been that one was going to arrive in Moscow." He laughed cheerfully. "Our desert home is quite a surprise to most people. But you'll be comfortable here, you'll find. Anything you don't like—or particularly would like to have—just put in a request for it and we'll see what can be managed. Any artistic requirement, for instance. Painting, sculpture, music: we have a department for all that sort of thing."

"I'm afraid I'm not talented that way."

"Well, there's plenty of social life, too, of a kind. Games, you know. We have tennis courts, squash courts. It takes a week or two, we often find, for people to find their feet."

"But does one—does one—go out at all?"

"Go out, Mrs. Betterton?"

"I mean, outside the walls. The gates."

"A very natural question," said Dr. Nielson.

His manner was now rather heavily beneficent.

"Most people ask it when they come here. But the point of our Unit is that it's a world in itself. There is nothing, if I may so express myself, to go out *to*. Outside us there is only desert. Here there is leisure, purpose, infinite time. I assure you," he smiled, "an earthly paradise."

Back once more in her own suite, Hilary found the clothes and accessories she had chosen were awaiting her. She hung the clothes in a cupboard and arranged the other things to her liking.

"It's like a school," she said.

"I know," said Betterton, "I felt like that at first." His speech was wary and slightly stilted. The shadow of a possible microphone still hung over them.

The whole business was, Hilary thought, like some fantastic nightmare. Here she was, sharing a room with a strange man, and yet so strong was the feeling of uncertainty and danger, that to neither of them did the intimacy appear embarrassing.

After a minute or two, Betterton glanced at his watch.

"Dinner is at eight. Eight to eight-thirty, that is. We'd better be getting down, if you're ready?"

He spoke exactly as though they were staying in a hotel.

MISS JENNSEN came forward and met them in the dining-room. "I have arranged a slightly larger table for you, Tom," she said to Betterton. "A couple of your wife's fellow travellers will sit with you—and the Murchisons, of course."

They went along to the table indicated. Andy Peters and Ericsson rose as they approached. Hilary introduced her "husband" to the two men. They sat down, and presently they were joined by another couple. These Betterton introduced as Dr. and Mrs. Murchison.

"Simon and I work in the same lab," he said, in an explanatory fashion.

Simon Murchison was a thin, anaemic-looking young man of about twenty-six. His wife was dark and stocky. She spoke with a strong foreign accent and was, Hilary gathered, an Italian. Her Christian name was Bianca.

"Tomorrow," she said, "I will show you around the place. You are not a scientist, no?"

"I'm afraid," said Hilary, "that I have had no scientific training." She added: "I worked as a secretary before my marriage."

"Bianca has had legal training," said her husband. "She has studied economics and commercial law. Sometimes she gives lectures here, but it is difficult to find enough to do to occupy one's time."

Andy Peters said ruefully: "I guess I feel rather like a homesick little boy who's just gone to boarding school. I'll be glad to get down to some work."

"It's a wonderful place for working," said Simon Murchison with enthusiasm. "No interruptions and all the apparatus you want."

"What's your line?" asked Andy Peters.

Presently the three men were talking a jargon of their own.

Bianca spoke to Hilary. "After dinner," she said, "there is a choice of many things to do. There is a card-room and you can play bridge; there is also a cinema, and three nights a week theatrical performances are given. Occasionally there is dancing."

Hilary forced a yawn. "I don't think I shall be up to it tonight," she said. "I'll go to bed early."

As they rose from table, Betterton said: "The air here is wonderful at night. We usually take a turn or two on the roof garden after dinner. We'll go up there for a little and then you'd better go to bed."

They went up in a lift manned by a magnificent-looking native in white robes. The attendants were darker skinned and of a more massive build than the slight, fair Berbers—a desert type, Hilary thought.

SHE was startled by the unexpected beauty of the roof garden, and by the lavish expenditure that must have gone to create it. Tons of earth must have been carried up here. The result was like an Arabian Nights fairy tale. There was the splash of water, tall palms, the tropical leaves of bananas and other plants and paths of beautiful coloured tiles with designs of Persian flowers.

A fair sprinkling of people were strolling about, but little by little they dwindled away. The Murchisons excused themselves. They were going to watch some ballet.

Betterton guided Hilary with his hand on her arm to a clear space near the parapet. The stars showed above them and the air was cold now, crisp and exhilarating. They were alone. Hilary sat down on the low concrete and Betterton stood in front of her.

"Now then," he said in a low, nervous voice. "*Who are you?*"

She looked up at him for a moment or two without answering. Before she replied to his question, there was something that she herself had got to know.

"Why did you recognize me as your wife?" she asked.

They looked at each other. Neither of them wished to be the first to answer the other's question. It was a duel of wills between them, but Hilary knew that, whatever Tom Betterton had been like when he left England, his will was now inferior to her own.

He looked away from her at last, and muttered sullenly: "It was—just an impulse. I was probably a damned fool. I fancied that you might have been sent—to get me out of here."

"You want to get out of here, then?"

"My God, can you ask?"

"But you came here freely?"

"I'd no idea I was coming to Africa. I was caught by the usual lure. Peace on earth, free sharing of scientific secrets among the scientists of the world, suppression of capitalists and warmongers—all the usual jargon! That fellow Peters who came with you is the same—he's swallowed the same bait."

"And when you got here—it wasn't like that?"

Again he gave that short, bitter laugh. "The working conditions are perfect. You've got every comfort and accessory: food, clothes, living quarters. But you're conscious all the time that you're in prison."

He brooded for a moment, and then seemed to pull himself together. "Well, I've answered your question. Now answer mine. What are you doing here pretending to be Olive?"

She looked with pity at his haggard, nervous face. "I've been dreading having to tell you."

"You mean—something's happened to her?"

"Yes. I'm sorry, terribly sorry. . . . Your wife's dead. . . . She was coming

"The pitch certainly needed the roller"

to join you and the plane crashed. She was taken to hospital and died two days later."

He stared straight ahead of him. It was as though he was determined to show no emotion. He said quietly: "So Olive's dead. I see. . . ."

There was a long silence. Then he turned to her.

"All right. You took her place and came here. Why?"

This time Hilary was ready with her response. She said: "I was in the hospital with your wife when she died. I offered to take her place and try to reach you. She wanted to get a message to you very badly."

He frowned. "But surely——"

She hurried on—before he could realize the weakness of the tale. "I had a lot of sympathy with all these ideas—the ideas you've just been talking about. Scientific secrets shared with all nations—a new world order. I was enthusiastic about it all. And then my hair—if what they expected was a red-haired woman of the right age, I thought I'd get through. It seemed worth trying, anyway."

"Yes," he said. His eyes swept over her head. "Your hair's exactly like Olive's."

"And then, you see, your wife was so insistent—about the message she wanted me to give to you."

"Oh, yes, the message. What message?"

"To tell you to be careful—very careful. That you were in danger—from someone called Boris."

"Boris? Boris Glydr, do you mean?"

"Yes, do you know him?"

He shook his head. "I've never met him. But I know him by name. He's a relation of my first wife's. I know *about* him."

"Why should he be dangerous?"

BETTERTON seemed to come back from far away. "I don't know why he should be dangerous to *me*, but it's true that by all accounts he's a dangerous sort of chap."

"In what way?"

"Well, he's one of those half-balmy idealists who would quite happily kill off half humanity if they thought for some reason it would be a good thing. . . . Had Olive seen him? What did he say to her?"

"I can't tell you. That's all she said." She hesitated a minute. "You see—she was dying."

A spasm of pain convulsed his face. "I know . . . I know . . . I shall get used to it in time. At the moment I can't realize it. But I'm puzzled about Boris. How could he be dangerous to me *here*? If he'd seen Olive, he was in London, I suppose?"

"He was in London, yes."

"Then I simply don't get it. . . . Oh, well, what does it matter? What does anything matter? Here we are, stuck in this unit surrounded by a lot of inhuman robots. . . ."

"That's just how they felt to me."

"And we can't get out." He pounded with his fist on the concrete. "*We can't get out.*"

"Oh yes, we can," said Hilary.

He turned to stare at her in surprise. "What an extraordinary girl you are! You sound quite sure of yourself."

"There's always a way. I dare say it will take time and a lot of planning."

His face clouded over again. "Time," he said. "Time . . . that's what I can't afford."

"Why?"

"I don't know whether you'll be able to understand. It's like this. I can't really—do my stuff here. I can't work. I can't think. Since coming here, I've just lost the spark. All I can do is good, sound hack work. But that's not what they brought me here for. They want original stuff. If I can't deliver the goods, they'll liquidate me."

"Oh no."

"Oh, yes they will. They're not sentimentalists here. What's saved me so far is this plastic surgery business. They do it a little at a time, you know. And, naturally, a fellow who's having constant minor operations can't be expected to concentrate. But they've finished the business now."

"But why was it done at all? What's the point?"

"For safety. My safety, I mean. It's done if—if you're a 'wanted' man."

"Are you a 'wanted' man, then?"

"I'm wanted right enough."

"You mean for—*treason* is the word, isn't it? You mean you've sold them atom secrets?"

He avoided her eyes. "I didn't sell anything. I gave them what I knew of our processes—gave it freely. If you can believe me, I *wanted* to give it to them. It was part of the whole set-up—the pooling of scientific knowledge. Oh, can't you understand?"

She could understand. But while she paused to speak, Betterton looked round him nervously and said: "Everyone's gone down. We'd better. . . ."

He broke off, and went on awkwardly: "We'll have to go on with this now, you know. I mean, you'll have to go on being—my wife."

"Of course."

"And we'll have to share a room and all that. But it will be quite all right. I mean, you needn't be afraid that. . . ."

He swallowed in an embarrassed manner.

How handsome he is, thought Hilary, looking at his profile, and how little it moves me. . . .

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that," she said cheerfully. "The important thing is to get out of here alive."

• • •

In a room at the Hotel Mamounia, Marrakesh, the man called Jessop was talking to Miss Hetherington. A different Miss Hetherington this from the one that Hilary had known at Casablanca and at Fez. The same appearance, the same twin-set, the same depressing hair-do. But the manner had changed. It was that of a woman now, brisk, competent, and seeming many years younger than her appearance.

The third person in the room was a dark, stocky man with intelligent eyes. He was tapping gently on the table with his fingers and humming a little French song under his breath.

". . . . and as far as you know," Jessop was saying, "those are the only people she talked to at Fez?"

Janet Hetherington nodded. "There was the Calvin Baker woman, whom we'd already met at Casablanca, I'll say frankly that I still can't make up my mind about her. She went out of her way to be friendly with Olive Betterton, and with me for that matter. But Americans are friendly, they do enter into conversation with people in hotels, and they like joining them on trips."

"Yes," said Jessop, "it's all a little too overt, isn't it?"

"And besides," went on Janet Hetherington, "*she* was on this plane, too."

"You're assuming," said Jessop, "that the crash was planned." He looked sideways towards the dark, stocky man. "What about it, Leblanc?"

Leblanc stopped humming his tune and stopped his little tattoo on the table for a moment or two.

"*Ça ce peut*," he said. "There may have been sabotage to the machine and that is why it crashed. We shall never know. The plane went up in flames and everyone on board was killed."

"What do you know of the pilot?"

"Alcadi? Young, reasonably competent. No more. Badly paid." He added the two last words with a slight pause in front of them.

Jessop said: "Open, therefore, to other employment, but presumably not a candidate for suicide?"

"There were seven bodies," said Leblanc. "Badly charred, unrecognizable, but seven bodies. One cannot get away from that."

Jessop turned back to Janet Hetherington. "You were saying?" he said.

"There was a French family at Fez that Mrs. Betterton exchanged a few words with. There was a rich Swedish business man with a glamour girl. And the multi-millionaire, M. Aristides."

"Ah," said Leblanc, "that fabulous figure himself. What must it feel like, I have often asked myself, to have all the money in the world?"

Jessop got up and began to pace up and down. "She flew to Marrakesh," he said, "and the plane crashed and came down in flames. Was it an accident or was it contrived? If there were people who wished to get rid of Olive Betterton, there would be easier ways to do it than by wrecking a plane, I should say."

"One never knows," said Leblanc. "Until one knows the circumstances it is impossible to say."

"Of course," said Jessop, "I know I'm in a minority of one, but I still think there's another solution—that they faked the crash."

Leblanc looked at him with interest.

"That could be done, yes. The plane could be brought down and it could be set on fire. But you cannot get away from the fact, *mon cher* Jessop, that there were *people* in the plane. The charred bodies were actually *there*."

"I know," said Jessop. "That's the stumbling block. Oh, I've no doubt my ideas are fantastic, but it's such a neat ending to our hunt. Too neat."

He turned again to Leblanc. "You are having that search instituted?" he asked.

"For two days now," said Leblanc. "Good men, too."

"Let's go over the passenger list once more," said Jessop. The Frenchman reached out a hand, picked it out of a wire basket and set it before his colleague. The two men were poring over it together when the telephone on the table buzzed. Leblanc picked up the receiver.

"*Allo?*" he said. "*Qu'est-ce qu'il y a?* Ah, yes, send them up." He turned his head towards Jessop. "One of my men reporting," he said. "They have found something."

A few moments later two men entered the room, one a European, the other a Berber.

"The reward was offered and circulated," the European explained, "and this fellow and his family and a great many of his friends have been searching diligently. I let him bring you the find himself as there may be questions you want to ask him."

Leblanc turned to the Berber.

"You have done good work," he said, speaking now in the man's own language. "You have the eyes of the hawk, my father. Show us then what you have discovered."

From a fold in his white robe the man took out a small object and, stepping forward, laid it on the table before the Frenchman. It was rather a large-sized, pinkish-grey synthetic pearl.

"It is like the one shown to me and shown to others," he said. "It is of value and I have found it."

Jessop stretched out a hand and took the pearl. From his pocket he drew out another exactly like it and examined both. Then he walked across the room to the window, and examined them both through a powerful lens.

"Yes," he said, "the mark is there." There was jubilation now in his voice and he came back to the table. "Good girl," he said, "good girl, good girl! She managed it!"

Leblanc was questioning the Moroccan in a rapid exchange of Arabic. Finally he turned to Jessop. "I make my apologies, *mon cher collègue*," he said. "This pearl was found at a distance of nearly one kilometre from the flaming plane."

"Which shows," said Jessop, "that Olive Betterton was a survivor, and that though seven people left Fez in the plane and seven charred bodies were found, one of those charred bodies was definitely *not* hers."

"We extend the search now," said Leblanc. He spoke again to the Berber and the man smiled back happily. He left the room with the man who had brought him in. "He will be handsomely rewarded as promised," said Leblanc, "and there will be a hunt now all over the countryside for these pearls. I think—I think, *mon cher collègue*, that we shall get results!"

• • •

It's incredible, thought Hilary to herself, incredible that I've been here *ten days*! The frightening thing in life, she thought, was how easily you adapted yourself. She had felt first, when introduced into the Unit, a blinding panic, a horrible feeling of imprisonment and frustration. And yet now, already, even after a week here, she had begun insensibly to accept the conditions of her life as natural.

What interested her most were the reactions of the people who had arrived here with her. As far as she could judge, Helga Needheim was happy and satisfied, and Dr. Barron absorbed in his work.

Torquil Ericsson, whom Hilary expected to be violently disillusioned, appeared to be quite content in the atmosphere of the Unit. He existed in a single-minded vision of his own. The strange, impersonal ruthlessness of his character frightened Hilary. He was the kind of young man, she thought, who in a moment of idealism could send three-quarters of the world to their death in order that the remaining quarter should participate in an impractical Utopia that existed only in his mind.

With the American, Andy Peters, Hilary felt herself far more in accord. Possibly, she thought, it was because Peters was a man of talent but not a genius. From what others said, she gathered he was a first-class man at his job, a careful and skilled chemist, but not a pioneer. Peters, like herself, had at once hated and feared the atmosphere of the Unit.

"The truth is that I didn't know where I was going," he said. "I thought I knew, but I was wrong. This is a lone show of some kind—a Fascist show possibly."

"Don't you think," said Hilary, "that you go in too much for labels?"

Peters considered this. "Maybe you're right," he said. "Come to think of it, these words we throw around don't mean much. But I do know this. I want to get out of here and I mean to get out of here."

"It won't be easy," said Hilary, in a low voice.

They were walking together after dinner near the splashing fountains of the roof garden. With the illusion of darkness and the starlit sky, they might have been in the private gardens of some sultan's palace.

"No," said Peters, "it won't be easy, but nothing's impossible."

"I like to hear you say that," said Hilary. "Oh, how I like to hear you say that!"

He looked at her. "Been getting you down?" he asked.

"Very much so. But what I'm really afraid of is getting used to it."

"Yes." He spoke thoughtfully. "Yes, I know what you mean. There's a kind of mass suggestion going on here. In fact, I've wondered once or twice whether there's not a little hocus-pocus as well. Dope."

"Do you mean a drug of some kind?"

"Yes. It might be possible, you know. Something in the food or drink, something that induces—what shall I say—docility? Or perhaps it could be done by hypnosis—some sort of treatment that is going on all the time. What does your husband feel?"

"Tom? I—oh, I don't know. It's so difficult. I . . ." she lapsed into silence.

She could not explain her real rôle—and besides, Tom Betterton baffled her. He seemed to her a terrible example of what could happen to a brilliant young man who had lived for some months in the enervating atmosphere of the Unit. Being a real genius, he needed liberty more than most. Suggestion had failed to compensate him for the loss of freedom. Only in

Consider your verdict

by

RUSSELL SCOTT, LL.B.

Mr. Brace built his house on a plot between Mrs. Furze's bungalow and Mr. Strut's villa. He liked a fence round his garden, and was pleased to see that on Strut's side there was a fence with supports on Strut's land.

He was not so happy about his boundary with Mrs. Furze: she disliked fences, and had grown a hedge which was kept neatly trimmed.

When Strut's fence blew down in a storm, Brace begged him to re-erect it, saying that it spoilt the look of his garden. Strut ignored his plea.

Mrs. Furze was equally unhelpful about her hedge: she was sorry that Brace felt it gave his garden an unbalanced look, but under no circumstances would she pay even half the cost of a fence.

In the end, Brace took both his neighbours to court. "Strut put up his fence at his own expense two years ago," Brace told the judge. "The supports are on his side, therefore he is liable to keep it in repair. He has no right to let it become an eyesore."

About Mrs. Furze he said: "A fence is the proper way to separate gardens and ensure privacy. I have offered to pay half the cost of a fence, and the court should order her to co-operate."

Both his neighbours contested Brace's claims.

"The fence is mine," said Strut. "If I choose to leave it where it has blown down, that's my affair."

"It's my hedge," argued Mrs. Furze, "and it serves its purpose quite adequately. If Brace wants a fence, let him pay for the whole of it. I refuse to be browbeaten into contributing to the cost of a fence I don't want."

What is your verdict? For the judge's decision, turn to page 42

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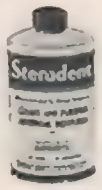

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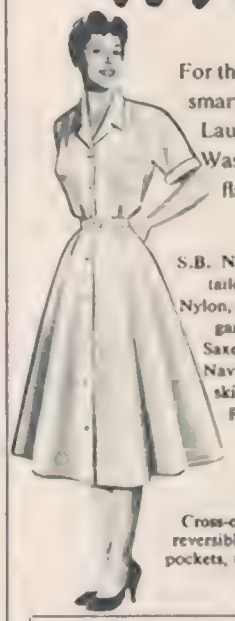

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perfect liberty was he able to produce creative work.

She said, slowly: "Tom seems like a stranger to me now. He doesn't—tell me things. Sometimes I think the confinement, the sense of being penned up here, is driving him mad."

"It's possible," said Peters dryly, "it could act that way."

"But tell me—you speak so confidently of getting away. How can we get away—what earthly chance is there?"

"I don't mean we can walk out the day after tomorrow, Olive. The thing's got to be thought out. . . ."

• • •

"Good evening, Mrs. Betterton." Miss Jennsen was looking excited. Her eyes glinted behind the thick lenses. "There will be a reunion this evening," she said. "The Director himself is going to address us!" She spoke in an almost hushed voice.

The Reunion, as Miss Jennsen had called it, took place after dinner. All members of the Unit assembled in the large lecture-room.

Sitting next to Betterton, Hilary awaited with keen curiosity the arrival on the platform of the almost mythical figure of the Director.

She was almost startled when, as the audience rose to its feet, a dark, rather heavily built man of middle age came quietly on to the platform. In appearance he was quite undistinguished; he might have been a business man from the Midlands. His nationality was not apparent. He spoke to them in three languages, alternating one with the other, and never exactly repeating himself. He used French, German and English, and each was spoken with equal fluency.

"Let me first," he began, "welcome our new colleagues who have come to join us here."

He then paid a few words of tribute to each of the new arrivals. After that he went on to speak of the aims and beliefs of the Unit.

"Today, power lies in the hands of the young. . . . Power is in brains. The brains of the chemist, the physicist, the doctor. . . . From the laboratories comes the power to create or destroy on a vast scale. . . . Power should be in the hands of those who create it. . . . No one here is over forty-five. When the day comes, we shall create a Trust. The Brains Trust of Science. And we shall administer world affairs. We shall issue our orders to capitalists and kings and armies and industries. We shall give the world the *Pax Scientifica*."

There was more of it—all the same heady, intoxicating stuff. But it was not the words themselves—it was the power of the orator that carried away an assembly that could have been cold and critical had it not been swayed by emotion.

WHEN the Director had ended abruptly: "Courage and Victory! Good night!" Hilary left the hall, half stumbling in a kind of exalted dream, and recognized the same feeling in the faces around her. She saw Ericsson in particular, his pale eyes gleaming, his head tossed back in exultation.

Then she felt Andy Peters's hand on her arm and his voice said in her ear: "Come up on the roof. We need some air."

They went up in the lift without speaking and stepped out among the palm trees under the stars. Peters drew a deep breath. "This is what we need. Air to blow away the clouds of glory."

Hilary gave a deep sigh. She still felt unreal.

He gave her arm a friendly shake. "Snap out of it, Olive."

"Clouds of glory," said Hilary. "You know—it *was* like that! How does he do it? Does he believe it himself? He must."

Peters said gloomily: "I suppose it always comes to the same thing in the end. A madman who believes he's God. . . ." His manner changed abruptly. "I've been initiating some subversive activities. There's a lot of dissatisfaction here, far more than our godlike Herr Director knows. Among the humbler members of the Unit, I mean. Food and money and luxury and women aren't everything, you know. I'll get you out of here yet, Olive."

"And Tom, too."

Peters's face darkened. "Listen, Olive, and believe what I say. Tom will do best to stay on here. He's—" he hesitated "—safer here than he would be in the outside world."

"Safer? What do you mean?"

Peters said slowly: "A cage, you know, is a very safe place to be."

"But Tom wants desperately to get away."

"Tom mayn't know what's good for him."

Suddenly Hilary remembered what Tom had hinted at to her. If he had disposed of secret information, he would be liable, she supposed, to prosecution under the Official Secrets Act—that, no doubt, was what Peters was hinting at in his rather embarrassed way. But Hilary was clear in her own mind. Better to serve a prison sentence than remain on here.

She said, obstinately: "Tom must come, too."

She was startled when Peters said suddenly, in a bitter tone: "Have it your own way. I've warned you. I wish I knew what the hell makes you care for that fellow so much?"

She stared at him in dismay. Words sprang to her lips, but she checked them. She realized that what she wanted to say was: "I don't care for him. He's nothing to me. He was another woman's husband and I've a responsibility to her." She wanted to say: "You fool, if there's anybody I care about, it's *you*. . . ."

"BEEN enjoying yourself with your tame American?" Tom Betterton threw the words at her as she entered their bedroom. He was lying on his back on his bed, smoking.

Hilary flushed slightly. "We arrived here together," she said, "and we seem to think alike about certain things."

He laughed. "Oh! I don't blame you." For the first time he looked at her in a new and appraising way. "You're a good-looking woman, Olive."

From the beginning Hilary had urged him always to call her by his wife's name.

"Yes," he continued, his eyes raking her up and down, "you're a damned good-looking woman. I'd have noticed that once. As it is, nothing of that kind seems to register with me any more."

"Perhaps it's just as well," said Hilary dryly. She sat down by him. "What is the matter with you lately, Tom?"

"I tell you, I can't concentrate. As a scientist I'm shot to pieces. This place——"

"The others—or most of them—don't seem to feel like you."

"Because they're a damned insensitive crowd, I suppose."

"Some of them are temperamental enough," said Hilary, dryly. She went on: "If only you had a friend here—a real friend."

"Well, there's Murchison. Though he's a dull dog. And I've seen a good deal of Torquil Ericsson lately."

"Really?" For some reason Hilary felt surprised.

"Yes. My God, he's brilliant. I wish I had *his* brains."

"He's an odd sort of person," said Hilary. "I always find him rather frightening."

"Frightening? Torquil? He's as mild as milk. Like a child in some

Consider your verdict

IN the case on page 41, the judge said that there was no local by-law in force, nor anything in the title-deeds to the land to oblige residents to erect or repair dividing fences. Therefore both Strut and Mrs. Furze were within their rights in refusing Brace's requests, and he lost his cases against them. (*This is the probable verdict, based on actual cases.*)

ways. No knowledge of the world."

"Well, *I* find him frightening," repeated Hilary obstinately.

"Your nerves must be getting upset, too."

"Not yet. I suspect they will, though. Tom—don't get too friendly with Torquil Ericsson."

He stared at her. "Why ever not?"

"I don't know. It's a feeling I have. . . ."

There was dancing going on. Andy Peters was dancing with Miss Jennsen. He held her close to him, and seemed to be murmuring in her ear. As they revolved slowly near where Hilary was standing, he caught her eye and immediately gave her an outrageous wink.

Hilary, biting her lip to avoid a smile, averted her eyes quickly. Her glance fell on Betterton, who was standing just across the room talking to Torquil Ericsson. Hilary frowned a little as she watched them.

The dance ended. Andy Peters came up and claimed Hilary for the next one. "You noticed me doing my stuff?" he asked her.

"With the Jennsen?"

"Yes. I think I may say without undue modesty that I have made a hit, a palpable hit. These plain, angular, short-sighted girls respond immediately when given the treatment."

"You certainly gave the impression of having fallen for her."

"That was the idea. That girl, Olive, properly handled, can be very useful. She's in the know about all the arrangements here. For instance, the day after tomorrow there's a party of various V.I.P.s due here. Doctors and a few government officials and a rich patron or two."

"Andy—do you think there might be a chance. . . ."

"No, I don't. I bet *that's* going to be taken care of. So don't cherish false hopes. But it will be valuable because we'll get an idea of the procedure. And on the next occasion—well, there might be something doing."

"How much do the people who are coming know?"

"About us—the Unit, I mean—nothing at all. Or so I gather. They just inspect the settlement and the medical research laboratories. This place has been deliberately built like a labyrinth, so that nobody coming into it can possibly guess its extent. I gather there are kinds of bulkheads that close, and that shut off our area."

"It all seems so *incredible*."

Andy Peters nodded. "I know. Half the time one feels one *must* be dreaming. One of the unreal things here is never seeing any children about. Thank goodness there aren't! You must be thankful you haven't got a child."

He felt the sudden stiffening of her body. "Here—I'm sorry—I said the wrong thing! I hurt you, didn't I?"

"It's nothing—no, really not your fault. I did have a child—and it died—that's all."

"You had a child?" He stared, surprised. "I thought you'd only been married to Betterton six months?"

Olive flushed. She said quickly: "Yes, of course. But I was—married before. I divorced my first husband."

"Oh, I see. That's the worst of this place. One doesn't know anything about people's lives before they came here, and so one goes and says the wrong thing. It's odd to realize sometimes that I don't know anything about you at all."

"Or I anything about you. How you were brought up—and where—your family——"

"I was brought up in a strictly scientific atmosphere. Nourished on test tubes, you might say. Nobody ever thought or talked of anything else. But what the heck—forget about my background. Look at our Norwegian friend. Apart from his eyes, he always looks as though he were made from wood. And that wonderful little stiff bow of his—as though you'd pulled a string."

"It's because he's so very tall and thin."

"Not so very tall. About my height—five foot eleven or six foot, not more."

"Height is deceptive."

"Yes, it's like descriptions on passports. Take Ericsson. Height six foot, fair hair, blue eyes, face long, demeanour wooden, nose medium, mouth ordinary. Even add what a passport wouldn't—speaks correctly but pedantically—you still wouldn't have the first idea what Torquil really looked like. What's the matter?"

"Nothing."

She was staring across the room at Ericsson. That description of Boris Glydr! Almost word for word as she had heard it from Jessop. Was *that* why she had always felt nervous of Torquil Ericsson? Could it possibly be that?

"I suppose he *is* Ericsson," she whispered, "and not someone else?"

Peters looked at her in astonishment. "Someone else? Who?"

"I mean—at least I think I mean—could he have come here pretending to be Ericsson?"

Peters considered this as he led her off the dance floor to a table. When they had sat down he said: "I suppose—no, I don't think that would be feasible. He'd have to be a scientist . . . and anyway, Ericsson is quite well known."

"But nobody here seems ever to have met him before—or I suppose he could be Ericsson, but be someone else as well."

"You mean Ericsson could have been leading some kind of double life? That's possible, I suppose. But it's not very likely."

"No," said Hilary. "No, of course it isn't likely."

Of course Ericsson was not Boris Glydr. But why should Olive Betterton have been so insistent on warning Tom against Boris? Could it have been because she knew that Boris *was on his way to the Unit*?

She shivered.

"Olive—what's the matter?"

"Nothing. Look. The Deputy Director is going to make an announcement."

Dr. Neilson was holding up his hand for silence. He spoke into the microphone on the platform of the hall.

"Friends and colleagues. Tomorrow you are asked to remain in the emergency wing. Please assemble at

They come from afar for it
Into the bar for it

Good wholesome beer

Boatmen are bound for it
Boxers come round for it
Your local's renowned for it

Good wholesome beer

Let's have one at The Local

ISSUED BY THE BREWERS' SOCIETY · 42 PORTMAN SQUARE, LONDON, W.1.

"There's a lot to be said for a flying career in the R.A.F."

THIS young man applied to join the Royal Air Force for flying duties a couple of years ago. Now he holds a commission in the General Duties Branch and has qualified for his "wings." He is back on a visit to his school—and everyone wants to know what the life is like.

He is finding it very much to his liking. The transition from school to Service life comes pretty easy: there's still discipline, of course, but there is a big measure of freedom too. Working hours are full and absorbing. Much of the last two years has been spent in learning to fly and he still has a lot to learn, but he is able to fit in a good many other things as well. Physical fitness is a necessity in the R.A.F., and sport plays a big part in his life. He has been able to keep up his rugger, squash and cricket, and there are plenty of other activities on the Station. But what strikes him most forcibly about the career he has chosen is something that he will probably not try to express to his friends: the feeling that he belongs to a Service with a fine tradition and an inspiring task.

These opportunities are available to all young men who possess the personal qualities, flying aptitude and high medical standards needed to fly and navigate modern fighting aircraft. In addition to entry through the R.A.F. College, Cranwell, there are the new Direct Commissions for pilots and navigators in the General Duties (flying) Branch which offer a good prospect of making a career in the Royal Air Force.

As in all professions it depends largely on individual merit how far one goes in the Service. The best have excellent prospects of rising to high rank; for others there will be the opportunity of a pensionable appointment normally up to the age of fifty. Alternatively, an officer who wishes to return to civil life may leave the Service at the end of twelve years with a gratuity of £3,000, or after eight years with a gratuity of £1,500, both gratuities tax free.

The table below gives brief details of this and other methods of entry.

THE ROYAL AIR FORCE

METHOD OF ENTRY	AGE LIMITS	EDUCATIONAL STANDARDS
Cranwell Cadetship	17½—19	*Civil Service Commission Examination*
Direct Commission	17½—26	*General Certificate of Education Scottish Leaving Certificate or equivalent*
From a University	20—26	*Normal degree at recognised university*
*National Service**	*During Service*	*General Certificate of Education Scottish Leaving Certificate or equivalent*

* *For subsequent flying in the R.Aux.A.F.*

★ For fuller information write to: Under-Secretary of State, Air Ministry (J.B. 204), Adastral House M.R.2, London, W.C.2.

11 a.m. when there will be roll call. Emergency orders are for twenty-four hours only. I much regret the inconvenience. A notice has been pasted on the board."

He retired smiling. The music began again.

"I must pursue the Jennsen again," said Peters. "I see her looking earnest by a pillar. I want to hear just what these emergency quarters consist of."

He moved away. Olive sat thinking. Was she an imaginative fool? Torquil Ericsson? Boris Glydr?

ROLL call was in the big lecture-room. Everyone was present and answered to his or her name. Then they were marshalled into a long column and shepherded off.

The route was, as usual, through a maze of winding corridors. Hilary, walking by Peters, knew that he had concealed in his hand a tiny compass. From this, unobtrusively, he was calculating their direction.

"Not that it helps," he observed ruefully in a low tone. "Or at any rate it doesn't help at the moment. But it may do—some time."

At the end of the corridor was a door, and there was a momentary halt as the door was opened.

"Women's dormitory to the right," said Miss Jennsen. She shepherded the women off in the direction she had indicated.

The men were led off to the left.

The dormitory was a large room of hygienic appearance rather like a hospital ward. It had beds along the walls with curtains of plastic material that could be pulled for privacy. There was a locker by each bed.

"You will find arrangements rather simple," said Miss Jennsen, "but not too primitive. The communal living-room is through the door at the end."

The communal living-room where they all met again was plainly furnished, rather like an airport waiting-room—there was a bar and snack counter at one side. Along the other side was a row of bookshelves.

The day passed quite agreeably. There were two cinema performances shown on a small portable screen.

The lighting was of the daylight type, which tended to obscure the fact that there were no windows. Towards evening a fresh set of bulbs came on—soft and discreet night lighting.

"Clever," said Peters appreciatively. "It all helps to minimize the feeling of being walled up alive."

How helpless they all were, thought Hilary. Somewhere, quite near them, was a party from the outside world. And there was no means of communicating with them, of appealing for help. As usual, everything had been ruthlessly and efficiently planned.

They played bridge in the evening, she and Betterton against the Murchisons. It was late when they finished, and she and Bianca Murchison got up and said good night to the two men. Hilary stood back a little to allow Bianca to precede her into the dimly lit dormitory. As she did so, she felt a soft touch on her arm.

She turned sharply to find one of the tall dark-faced servants standing beside her. He spoke in a low urgent voice in French. "If you please, madame, you are to come."

"Come? Come where?"

"If you will please follow me."

She stood irresolute for a moment. Bianca had gone on into the dormitory. In the communal living-room the few persons left were engaged in conversation with each other. Again she felt that soft, urgent touch on her arm.

"You will follow me please, madame."

He moved a few steps and stood, looking back, beckoning to her. A little doubtfully, Hilary followed him.

She noticed that this particular man was far more richly dressed than most of the native servants. His robes were embroidered heavily with gold thread.

He led her through a small door in a corner of the communal living-room, then once more along the inevitable anonymous white corridors. Finally he stopped at the end of a corridor and pressed a button in the wall. A panel slid back, disclosing a small lift. He gestured her in, followed her, and the lift shot upwards.

Hilary said sharply: "Where are you taking me?"

The dark eyes held hers in a kind of dignified reproof. "To the Master, madame. It is for you a great honour."

"To the Director, you mean?"

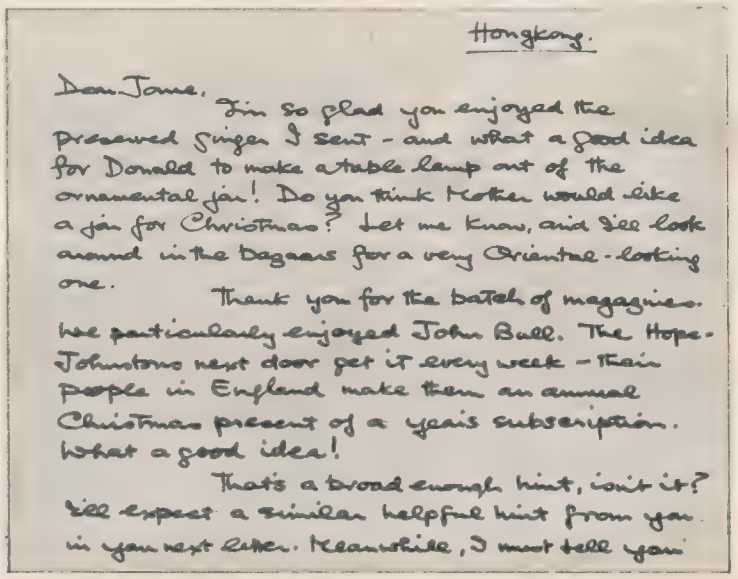
"To the Master. . . ."

The lift stopped. He slid back the doors and motioned her out. Then they walked down another corridor and arrived at a door. Her guide rapped on the door and it was opened from inside. Here again were white robes, gold embroidery and a black, impassive face.

The man took Hilary across the small red-carpeted ante-room and drew aside some hangings at the farther side. Hilary passed through. She found herself, unexpectedly, in an almost Oriental interior. There were low couches, coffee tables, one or two beautiful rugs hanging on the walls.

Sitting on a low divan was a figure at whom she stared with complete incredulity; small, yellow, wrinkled, old. She stared unbelievingly into the smiling eyes of M. Aristides.

To be concluded next week



Hongkong.

Dear Jane,

I'm so glad you enjoyed the preserved ginger I sent - and what a good idea for Donald to make a table lamp out of the ornamental jar! Do you think Mother would like a jar for Christmas? Let me know, and I'll look around in the bazaars for a very Oriental-looking one.

Thank you for the batch of magazines. We particularly enjoyed John Bull. The Hope-Johnstons next door get it every week - their people in England make them an annual Christmas present of a year's subscription. What a good idea!

That's a broad enough hint, isn't it? I'll expect a similar helpful hint from you in your next letter. Meanwhile, I must tell you

A year's subscription to JOHN BULL *is the ideal Christmas present for relatives and friends overseas. It costs only* 24*s.* (21*s.* 8*d. for Canada*). *A beautifully designed greetings card, bearing your name, accompanies the first copy. Send the name and address of your friend (block letters, please), with a crossed cheque, postal or money order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., to The Publisher,* JOHN BULL, *57 Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Do it without delay—for Christmas mails to distant parts of the world leave early from Britain.*

"Never mind, it was only a brand new one"

A PAIR OF INNOCENTS

Continued from page 21

with tolerant courtesy a young attaché.

Mr. Warwick said: "You'll be going back to London for the season?"

"That is usual."

I had a hard job to stop my mouth twitching. Directly we were alone, up in our bedroom, I tackled her. "How can you fib like that!"

She gave me a calm glance and said: "Lucy, don't be so trying. He's a nice young man, but that's no reason why I should be catechized, and tell him all I know and all I don't know."

"All you don't know! Good gracious! You don't know a single word of the language."

"I do. I know that *braun* means brown, and *hof* house."

I told her she was treading on thin ice. Wouldn't it be much more sensible to be what she really was, instead of pretending?

She said: "Lucy, you're positively tiresome. I like Mr. Warwick. I respect him. For some strange reason you're trying to persuade me to be a callow schoolgirl, which I'm not. Do you imagine he's interested in callow schoolgirls?"

"No. All the same it would be jolly awkward for you if he found out you couldn't speak the language. And I do think you might have been nicer to him. I'm sure he's taken to you."

For a second she was natural. "He's a darling!" she said, and then remembered, and stared graciously through the window at the lights of Innsbruck. "A charming young man."

I ached to throw a pillow at her head.

Our breakfast of coffee and rolls the next morning was disturbed by sudden news. A telegram had come for Aunt Rachel. A distant relative of hers was seriously ill in Salzburg. She would have to go there at once.

She looked up from the slip of paper. "I'll be back by tonight. But I'm a little anxious about leaving you two on your own."

We assured her quickly that we would be quite all right.

"I hope so." Aunt Rachel was busy with a railway timetable. "Fortunately, Innsbruck has an impeccable reputation, and two English girls wandering about on their own shouldn't come to any harm."

As she went out, Mr. Warwick came in. Ellen gave him a little nod.

He said: "Dull office work for me this morning. I envy you. It's getting pretty warm already. Are you going to be energetic?"

"Within reason. We shall probably take a stroll by the Inn."

There was longing in his expression. "I'd love to come with you." He quoted some lines of poetry, presumably in German, and glanced at her. "Particularly appropriate to a river like the Inn, eh?"

Ellen nodded consideringly, and rose. "Lucy, I think we might start while it's still moderately cool. Come along." She got up and left the table without another glance in his direction.

Now, despite her various poses, Ellen had a streak of basic common sense. When we were outside the Braunhof, she said: "It's going to be awkward if we lose our way and can't find anybody who speaks English."

"We can say 'Braunhof.'"

"It's only a small place. There might be dozens of Braunhofs. I think I'll write the name down, and the name of the street as well. Then we can show it to anybody if we need directing, and at least we can get some sort of guidance from their gestures."

It was then we realized that neither of us knew the name of the street. However, we walked along to the corner, and in a page torn from her diary Ellen copied down the words on the metal name-plaque fixed to the wall. Then we set off.

Three hours later we were very hot and very tired. We had walked right out of the town and admired the river and the views of the mountains, and discussed the method the farmers employed of piling the hay over larch-tops stuck into the ground. We came to the junction of several roads leading towards the town and were uncertain of which one to take. In any case, it seemed a long, long walk back.

At that moment there was a clopping sound. An open carriage, a kind of victoria, was coming past in the direction of Innsbruck. The driver was not unlike the Emperor Franz Josef, with sidewhiskers meeting a thick, curving moustache. He had an amiable face and merry grey eyes. Noticing us glancing towards him, he pulled up the horse and said something unintelligible.

"How fortunate!" said Ellen. "He must be plying for hire." She turned to him, and speaking slowly and clearly, as if to a small child, asked: "Do you know the Braunhof?"

A string of words came from him. He stepped down from his seat. He was obviously puzzled. Ellen took the slip of paper from her bag and held it in front of him. He gave it one glance, stared at the pair of us for a second, and at once a broad grin started to creep across his face. Then he threw back his head and shook with laughter.

Ellen went white with anger. "Does he imagine we look so funny? Has he never seen English people before?"

I felt myself turning red. As for the driver, he swallowed his laughter, opened the door of the vehicle and beckoned us inside with a courteous gesture. There were tears of laughter in his eyes, and his shoulders were quivering.

We sat down, Ellen like a cold, outraged goddess. He flicked his whip and we started to bowl along towards Innsbruck.

"I was always under the impression," said Ellen at her loftiest, "that Austrians had good manners. I'm revising my opinion."

"It is a bit strange. D'you think it's my hat?" It had been bought just before we left England. I had been proud of it, but I was beginning to wonder if it was too unusual out here.

Ellen said: "It might be. But that's no excuse for an exhibition of clownish laughter.

We had been driving along for about five minutes when a victoria approached from the opposite direction. Our man commenced to make chuckling sounds. I could see his wide shoulders jerking and heaving. He slowed his horse to a walk and called out a sentence or two to the other driver, and the man was convulsed.

"Ho, ho, ho!" His deep laughter boomed along the street. He glanced at us as he passed, and burst into another fit of laughing. A number of pedestrians stared our way in a curious fashion. I felt bewildered and embarrassed. My cheeks were hot. I wished it had been a covered vehicle with blinds.

"For once," said Ellen, blushing

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Of all chemists, **1/9 & 4/6.** *'Iron Jelloids' is a registered trade mark*

Londoners have whitest teeth . . . and here's why

Do you find it difficult to believe that teeth can be whiter in one part of the country than another? Well, read on and you will see why!

A New York Scientist recently discovered a new tooth whitening substance, called decyl-carminate. This, it is claimed, gives the teeth a "super-special" whiteness similar to that seen under those purple fluorescent lamps such as are used in the theatre. Another word for it is "auto-luminescence," a difficult-to-describe appearance revealed by comparing real pearls with the man-made variety (or cut-glass with real diamonds).

Decyl-carminate is applied to the teeth through the use of a new toothpaste with the unusual name of "Less"—Less Toothpaste. The reason for this is that you use half as much of "Less" as of ordinary toothpaste. A blob the size of a pea is sufficient to give snowy-white teeth with stains all gone and a gleaming high polish.

"Less" is a deep ruby-red in colour, and it has a really wonderful flavour and texture. And the effect on the colour of the teeth really has to be seen to be believed. In addition "Less" is ammoniated to keep down decay.

"Less" is made under licence in England to the exact original American formula; but, so far, it has been more extensively distributed and advertised in London than elsewhere. Now that supplies are more plentiful, however, it is catching on all over the country; so now we'll be finding the whitest teeth from Land's End to John o' Groats.

Get Less Toothpaste from Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors Ltd., all good chemists, Woolworth's, and British Home Stores. Price 1/7½d.

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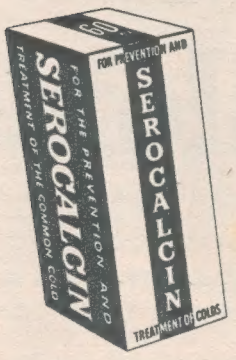
for the prevention of the common cold



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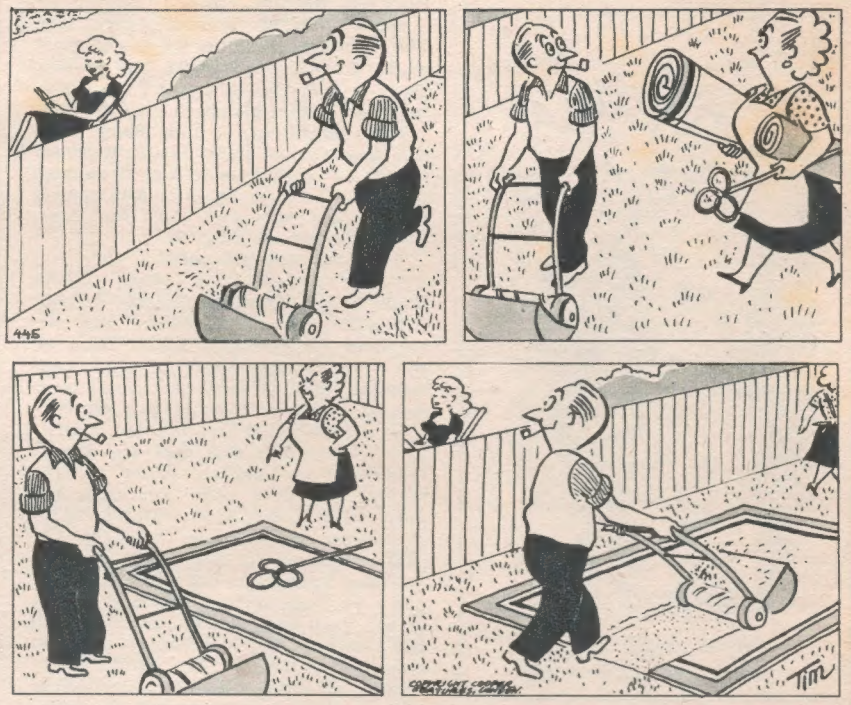
At all chemists 3/9 & 9/10

OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM



herself, "I'd like to be a man. I'd horsewhip this fellow."

"But what on earth can they be laughing at?"

"I don't know and I'm not interested. The thing to do is to ignore the matter. A woman of poise is never at a loss." She tilted her head higher and tried to appear as if we were unconscious of anything unusual.

But it was a most uncomfortable ordeal. The driver knew so many people in the streets, and every so often, encountering another victoria or a man with a cart or somebody standing on the pavement, he would raise his whip and shout and give us an apologetic glance and then let out a bellow of laughter and shout sentences. Of course, he was heard and understood by others, and in one street, laughter followed us the whole length of it, and a policeman who might have come out of some romantic opera put his hand to his mouth and turned his head away.

I said: "This is awful!" Had I been ten years older I might have accepted the mysterious laughter in the right spirit. As it was, I kept going hot and cold and red and white.

Ellen made a brave show of ignoring everything. But with all her poise, she had no control over her circulation. Her face was a permanent scarlet. I know that we must have looked what we were, a couple of nervous and dreadfully self-conscious girls longing to run away and hide.

We swung round a corner and the Braunhof came into sight. I said: "Thank Heaven!"

Ahead of us, almost opposite the boarding establishment, was Mr. Warwick, returning from his office for lunch. He was just going up the steps as our victoria came to a stop. He raised his hat and smiled.

With set lips, Ellen got out of the vehicle and I followed. She glanced over her shoulder, made sure Mr. Warwick had gone into the house, removed some coins from her bag and held them in her palm. The driver took two, touched his hat, said a few words that meant nothing to us, smirked apologetically and drove off. He was laughing again, out loud.

We went up the steps. Mr. Warwick was standing in the hall. He said: "An enjoyable morning, I hope," and added: "Jovial chap, your driver. Never heard such a hearty laugh. You must have been cracking some extra good joke with him. May I be told?"

I knew what Ellen was going to do. She was going to accept the explanation he had put into her mouth and take credit for being such an accomplished linguist. But that was too much. Unless we found out what was the matter with us, we might go on and on getting laughed at.

I said quickly: "As a matter of fact, Mr. Warwick, we can't make out what was amusing him."

"Lucy!" began Ellen sharply.

"Just a moment." I had no intention of letting her down badly. But I simply had to do my utmost to find out what had set Innsbruck laughing. "Ellen wondered whether these people, with their local dialect, might not understand exactly what she said. So in case we rather wandered off the map and were uncertain of our bearings and possibly had to ask some rural sort of person, she wrote down the Braunhof and the name of the street on a piece of paper."

He nodded. "In German or English script?"

"English," I said. "And the driver had no sooner read it than he laughed uproariously."

"What an extraordinary thing!"

"Yes, wasn't it?" I could see the slip of paper peeping out of Ellen's bag, and I flicked it out to show him.

He looked at it. Suddenly his throat worked. He seemed to be in agony. He whisked out his handkerchief, held it to his mouth and apparently struggled to hold back a bout of what might have been coughing or sneezing. "That wretched hay-fever," he mumbled. "Please excuse me. I must do something about it." He dashed away upstairs.

We found out the truth in the evening, when Aunt Rachel got back. We showed her those pencilled words. Her light blue eyes went moist and her lips trembled with laughter.

"Really, Ellen!" she said, "really! If only you hadn't jumped to conclusions. This isn't the name of the street. It's a notice. It means: 'No rubbish to be dumped here'."

Poor Ellen! She went straight to her bedroom and when I found her, her lashes were still wet and she looked what she was, not a day older than eighteen. She cried chokily:

"Whatever must he think?"

There was only one thing to do. Wanting to cry with her and laugh at the same time, I hurried downstairs. By a stroke of luck, Mr. Warwick was alone in the drawing-room reading. Memory of Ellen's woebegone face gave me the courage. I sat down by his side and told him everything. Before I had ended we were both giggling helplessly.

He said: "I'm glad you've told me. I've got tomorrow morning off and now I know she's not so terrifying I can ask if she'll come for a walk. D'you think she will?"

"You ask her at breakfast."

He did, and she smiled quite shyly and said: "I'd like to very much, if Aunt Rachel doesn't mind."

Aunt Rachel didn't, and after breakfast they went out together with stars in their eyes. THE END

WOMEN WINNERS SHOW THE WAY!

She heard the bells. . . .

She saw a sale. . . .

PRIZES VALUE OVER £1,000 IN THIS WEEK'S CHRISTMAS OFFER!

CHURCH bells gave the idea for a £500 *Bullet* to Mrs. S. M. Bailey (98 Highfield Road South, Dartford). The very next week, seeing a sales announcement led to a £500 *Bullet* for Mrs. M. Harrison (10 Hurn Way, Christchurch).

Their successes last month bring the total of women First Prize-winners of 1954 to 10. Will this week's £500, plus TV, plus Christmas Turkey for the best *Bullet* be won by a man or a woman? *You* can decide that—with your coupon below for this week's offer of prizes value over £1,000!

£500 CASH 1st PRIZE plus XMAS TURKEY and £75 TV

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50 SURREY FOWLS

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THIS WAY TO THE PRIZE-LIST

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

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Problem For Uncle Sam
That Hydrogen Baby
Roll On, Christmas
When Love Reigns
In The Political Fog
Changed Everything
The Next Step
From The Depths
Not Fast Enough

Devil's Cauldron
Speaker After Speaker
Tramping The Treadmill
The B.B.C. Boys
Let Down With A Bump
Flying Bedstead
Smudge On The Horizon
It's Washing-day, So
At Turnstyle Castle
With His Nose In A Book

Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions

A Mother's .....
Out Of This.....
Golden .....

When.....'s Finished
Better For .....
Giving.....The Jitters

Chief Winners No. 1,954

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£25: R. A. Tully, 9 Gattons Way, North Cray, Sidcup: IN OUR YOUTH—BETTER MANNERED? BETTER *Managed*!

£10: E. P. Taunton, 12 St. Ann's Road, Malvern: CAN'T BE TRUSTED—*Safest* ROAD, SAFEST RULE!

OTHER AWARDS: £9: Mrs. E. E. Green, 48 Bostock Avenue, Northampton: BIG MONEY — OR "CHICKEN-FEED." *Earn* "CORN"! £8: Mrs. G. E. Davis, 10 Broomfield Road, Cheriton, Folkestone: SURVIVING TO SEE—"GOLDEN" AGE—URANIUM AGE? £7: P. Turner, "Glendevon," Shepherd Lane, Thurnscoe, Rotherham: A GUIDING HAND — FROM FIRST SQUEEZE, WIFE'S! £6: R. Edmiston, 46 Springfield Park Road, Burnside, Rutherglen, Glasgow: ANYONE WOULD THINK — MEN DESCENDED FROM *Tigers*! £5: T. A. Birch, "Melroyd," Kirkham Road, Freckleton, Preston: A GUIDING HAND—PEW LEADS ONE *To*. £5: J. H. Neville-Weaver, 13 St. George's Road, Truro, Cornwall: SHERIFF SAM—OR DEMOCRACY'S "DANGEROUS DAN—"? £5: J. Vick, 47 Kirkley Drive, Ponteland, Newcastle upon Tyne: SOON TO SEE—"FOUR-POSTER" ELIZABETH *Travelled* IN?

For ten winners of £2 10s., see *"Bullets" Bulletin*. 50 *Bullets* Seasons and 1,500 "Good Shot" Prizes have also been posted.

EXAMPLE	6d.
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EX.	6d.
B.	
EX.	6d.
B.	
EX.	6d.
B.	
EX.	6d.
B.	

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1,959 Closing Postmark MON., OCT. 25

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O.

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With this coupon (which you can enclose with your entry) send P.O. 1s. for six weeks' *"Bullets" Bulletin* at REDUCED SERIES RATE — first copy dated November 6. Every issue contains extra *Bullets* winners to guide you to success.

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New entrants simply complete this label for free and post-free specimen *Bulletin*.

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RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in *"Bullets" Bulletin* dated November 13 and in JOHN BULL dated November 20), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, November 6, for early news of *Bullets* No. 1,959 result.)

POST ENTRY

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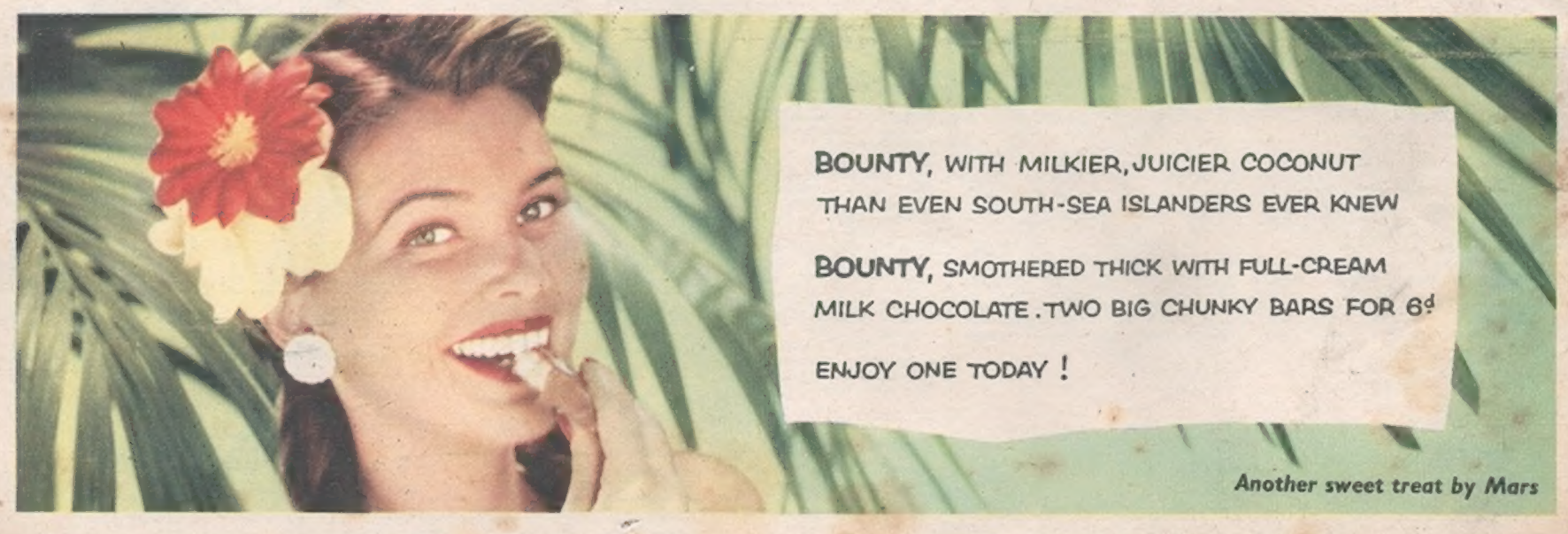

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